O. K.

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 54. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 13TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

Oatine FACE CREAM

Is this on your Dressing Table?

If not, you can have it there FREE!

Oatine Face Cream should be on every Dressing Table, as all who value their comfort and appearance insist on having it there. It is the one thing that keeps the skin healthy and the complexion clear and clean. It not only makes the skin look clean, but makes it feel clean, which is equally important.

Oatine Face Cream is as valuable to men as it is to ladies. It is manufactured from the healing essence of the finest Oats, and is a natural cleansing agent. It does what soap and water cannot do: it gets down into the pores and clears away the dirt and grime embedded there. The dirt within or below the skin is the root of all complexion troubles, and unless this is removed it is impossible to possess a really healthy skin or perfect complexion.

Oatine Face Cream effectively relieves the irritation occasioned by shaving owing to its healing properties. It should be gently rubbed in immediately after shaving, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave, as this has the effect of softening the beard in the most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

Oatine Shaving Cream.—To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the **Oatine Shaving Cream** (in tubes) or the **Oatine Shaving Stick,** both of which are British-made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting, and agreeable lather, that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the **Oatine Soaps** for shaving, do so without delay.

Oatine Talcum Powder sprinkled on a towel and wiped over the face will be found to be very soothing when the skin is at all tender.

OUR OFFER.

TO LADIES.

To all ladies answering this advertisement we shall be pleased to send a dainty box containing a sample of each of the following preparations: **Oatine Cream, Balm, Face Powder, Soap, Talcum Powder, Tooth Paste, Soap in Tubes, and Kylets,** together with a free copy of our book, "Beauty Hints," which shows how the Oatine preparations should be used and face massage conducted. The dainty box of samples and the booklet are sent absolutely free to all sending 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing (halfpenny stamps preferred).

TO GENTLEMEN.

We have also arranged to send free to all gentlemen answering this advertisement a single sample of either **Oatine Cream, Oatine Shaving Soap,** or **Oatine Shaving Cream,** or for 3d. in stamps (halfpenny stamps preferred) to cover the cost of postage and packing, we will send a box of eight of the Oatine preparations, including those of special interest to men, **Oatine Cream, Talcum Powder, Shaving Stick,** and **Shaving Cream.** We recommend all gentlemen to send for these without delay and personally test these unique preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 79, DENMAN STREET, S.E.

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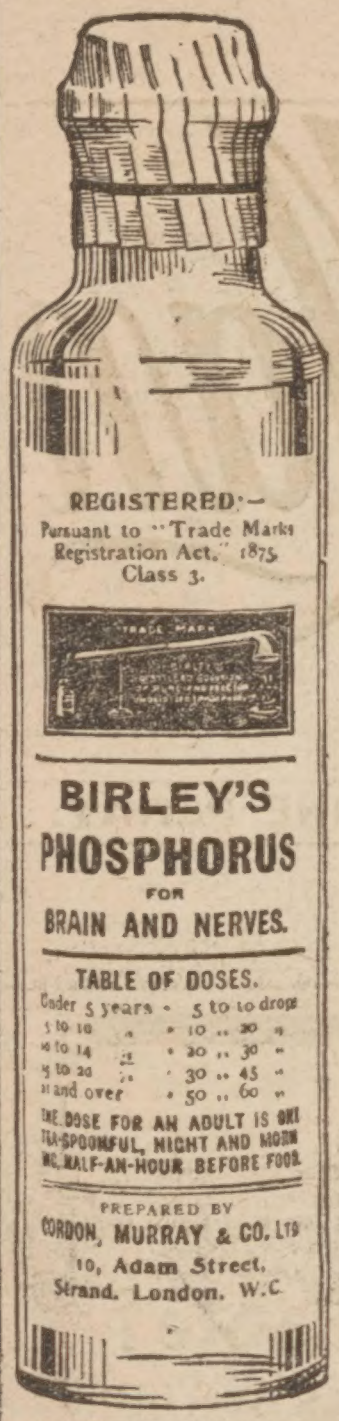
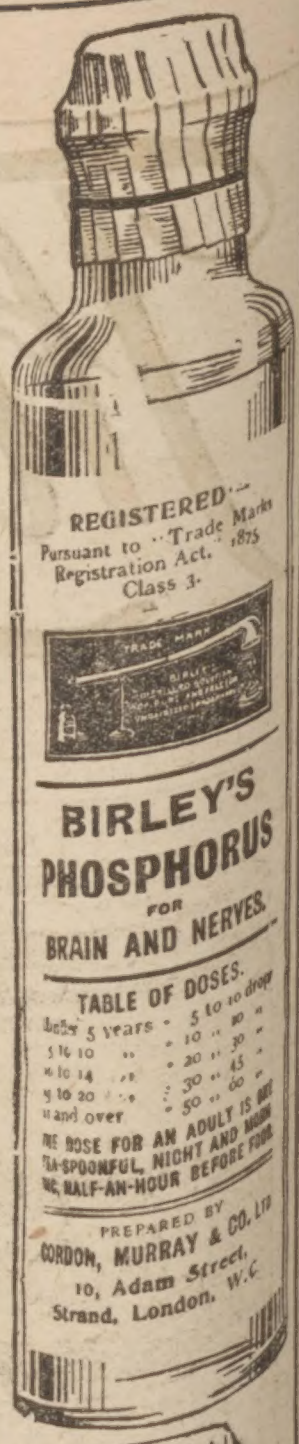

REGISTERED:—
Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875.
Class 3.
BIRLEY'S
PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
21 and over - 50 " 60 "
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. LTD
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C.

TRY

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

FOR ONE WEEK

FREE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It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS **PROPERLY** ADMINISTERED

CURES ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS

It has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo, or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

Each and every one of these distressing conditions can be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

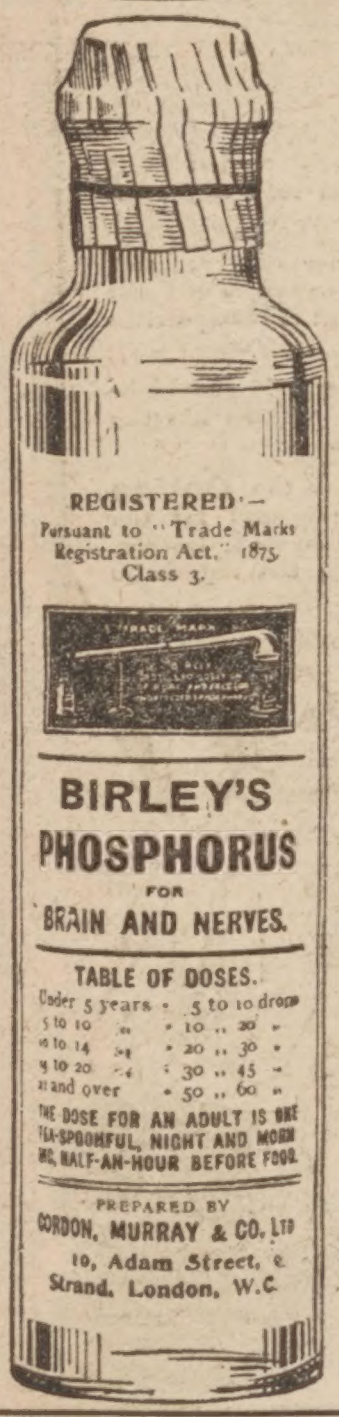
Oppressed by worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities, the nervous system deteriorates, and leaves the way open for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. It promotes recovery after illness.

Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, &c., I/I½, 2/6, 4/6.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SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 36) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray, and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Dispatching, and the generous-size Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a week's supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. **ONE** Trial Bottle **Only** to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man, Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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E CONVERSATIONAL BORE.

A MODERN NUISANCE.

loquacity of women in general, and wives rticular, has been a scourge to humanity the days of Eve, albeit it has enabled the to add somewhat to the gaiety of nations. he prattling woman, especially if she be may be forgiven, the wordy man never.

reasons for the unpopularity, invariable in perience, of this species of the genus homo t obscure.

he first place, a copious flow of conversation ely associated with any depth of thought. reat Samuel Johnson is the essential excep- hat proves the rule. It is the shallow brook babbles; still waters run deep. Unusual hts are difficult to express.

is the blighting platitude that materialises y in words.

great small-talker finds matter for words in trivial object that strikes his physical or l vision; and the object most conspicuous to lf being his own personality and its interests, nversation is obnoxiously egotistical. His teem is colossal.

shness is usually the chief characteristic of rbose bore. He dreams not of studying the of his audience.

ubility, moreover, is a symptom of general nacy. The taciturnity of virile men of is proverbial. Wellington was laconic to a e; Napoleon never wasted words, Cæsar's me, saw, and overcame" is the shortest ch on record.

as been my misfortune to come in close and able contact with several virulent specimens type. I find that a conversation with one n always results in the same series of mental ses on my part. At first, hope, which s eternal, prompts me to believe that this will hoist the enemy with his own petard. on I discover that I cannot maintain the al struggle. I gradually succumb, and once I find myself listening in a dazed manner as e.

ave a vague impression that my mind is I become incapable of coherent thought. a space my animal nature asserts itself, and for the blood of the villain. Then, lest I control of myself and do him personal ce, I feign an impossible engagement, and in utter disorder.

ggest to the powers that be that extreme ity should be treated as a criminal offence. offender should be confined during His y's pleasure, bound and gagged (to prevent king to himself), in a dismal cell where a phone with a particularly monotonous tone regale him sans intermission with interminaccounts, in excruciating detail, of unspeakolf matches, antediluvian jokes, harrowingly nplace and pointless verbatim conversa- *hoc genus omne.*

M. GORMAN.

CHEEK.

The first woman has flown—in an aeroplane. Sadly enough, the world is not without men whose heartfelt wish is that the same could be said of the lot of them—never to return.

* * *

Mr. Andrew Carnegie believes that very soon a statesman will arise who by uniting the democratic opinion of England and America will warn Europe that war must end. We can do it without any preliminary fuss of that sort. Europe! please take warning that a war was never fought yet that didn't come to an end some time.

* * *

We read in "Madame" that "the most important item in a smart woman's general get-up is the question of hair." It is false.

* * *

In the coming General Election we understand that Mr. Silas K. Hocking will be the Liberal candidate for Coventry. Those zealous for the reputation of English literature are of opinion that at least there is no more suitable place to send his novels.

* * *

Dear old Teddy Roosevelt is relating in the "Daily Telegraph" his hunting experiences in Africa. He confesses that the entry in his diary for one day reads: "Missed steinbuck, pig, impalla, and Grant; awful." Lucky for Grant, anyhow.

* * *

He is also responsible for the interesting information that shooting at long range necessitates much running. It has been our misfortune to stray within a mile or so of a Territorial rifle range during firing practice, and we cordially agree.

* * *

A noted M.P., who is also a *littérateur*, is lamenting that in the modern world we have not got a sufficient supply of facts. Would that it were equally true of modern fiction.

* * *

Everybody is talking about the play "The Servant in the House," but there is nothing surprising in that. It has been the chief topic of our married lady friends for as long as we can remember.

* * *

A new novel has been published, entitled "Boom." Whom do you think it is by? Wrong again! His name is *W.* Caine.

* * *

Miss Sadie Jerome has brought an unsuccessful action against a certain music-hall syndicate because they did not select her as a star for their advertisement bills. But she might have known how seldom starred selections win.

* * *

How fashions in manners do change, to be sure! Not long ago it was considered quite offensive to say "Ure a l——." Now the most veracious bows his head in submissive acknowledgment.

E. MILLAR.

TEACHING HORSES TRICKS.

A FEW SIMPLE BUT AMUSING ONES.

One does not want to have a horse with all the accomplishments of a circus performer, for, argue as we may, there is always a feeling in the mind of the lover of animals that elaborate tricks are the result more of scientifically directed cruelty than of the kindness to which the trainer glibly alludes.

But, at the same time, there are many simple tricks that one may well teach a horse, and a horse is just as anxious as a dog to learn a trick or two.

You have observed how a dog will go through all his tricks without being invited, in order to obtain your notice, and it is much the same with a horse.

The secret of teaching a horse simple tricks is undoubtedly to associate each trick with a reward. The reward that a horse appreciates most is something good to eat, what he likes best depends on the peculiarities of the beast in question, but to most of them a carrot, an apple, or a lump of sugar is very acceptable.

Perhaps the simplest trick of all is to teach a horse to give a foot in the same way as a dog does.

Have some stock expression and stick to it, such as "Shake hands" or "How do, boy?" For, if the command or request is allowed to vary, the horse gets confused.

Let us suppose that your selection falls on "How do, boy?" Say this as you bend down and lift his near fore foot. Hold his foot off the ground for a moment and then give him a morsel of apple. Repeat the process half-a-dozen times, make much of the horse, and let the lesson stop for that night.

On the following evening you will have to go through the whole process again, and you will gradually find that the horse gives you his foot much more readily, although you have still to lift it.

At last—and it will not be very long if the horse is an intelligent one—you will find that he gives you the foot when you simply say the word without your either bending down or taking it up.

An elaboration of this trick is to make him give you his right or his left foot, according to which you ask for.

In the same way, you can teach a horse to paw the air.

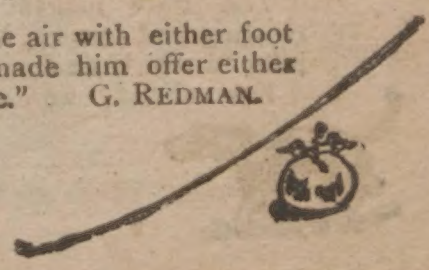
This is done by giving the request for a fore foot, but, instead of taking it when offered to you, allowing the horse to keep on holding it up.

He will get impatient doing so, and, instead of keeping the knee bent, will thrust his foot forward and paw the air with it.

Get him first to lift his foot, wait a little till he makes to start pawing, and, just as he is about to do so, give the word "Paw!"

You can make him paw the air with either foot in the same way as you made him offer either foot to you for a "handshake."

G. REDMAN.



WITH THE BEAGLES.

A DAY'S SPORT IN THE COUNTRY.

Among the sports that our part of the country is specially suited to is that of beagling, and, needless to say, we who live out in the isolated farms are as keen on this sport as we can possibly be.

Our opportunities for the fox-hunt are few and far between, but usually twice a week we are out on foot with the little beagles, and enjoy some of the finest runs imaginable.

We live down on a broad and level plain, much intersected with little streams running slowly out to the sea, which is not far off. There are innumerable dykes, a few hedges, and much open pasture, so that we have a splendid field in which to find our sport.

Excepting on the seaward side, our plain is bounded by rolling downs that completely shut us in, and incidentally add immensely to our sport.

THE MASTER.

The master of the hunt is a long, lean, weather-tanned sportsman who spent his younger years in the Army, and who now keeps the pack for the sheer love of the sport and of the enjoyment we we all get out of it. He never knows what it is to have a scanty field, for there is not a farmer or a farmer's son who does not turn out to every meet to give him his active support. He likes a keen field, and will work like a nigger to give us a good run.

He himself is as fleet and keen as the youngest of us, and we have often wondered at the speed with which he will get up the steep sides of the downs when the hare, hard pressed on the level, takes to the higher ground.

There is something about our countryside that proves irresistibly attractive to the hares, for, in spite of our activities, they are very numerous—too numerous at times, as, for instance, when hounds, tired after a long run, and almost on the point of pulling "pussy" down, will be led astray by a fresh hare, and so break up the run unsatisfactorily.

But they are a well-trained pack, and it is not often that they get into trouble for this offence.

WAITING FOR A FIND.

Roving over the level near the hunting pack we are all strained to a high pitch of excitement. The hounds may find at any moment, and then we shall have our work cut out. Often till they are right on her the hare will sit tight, and then burst away in a neck-and-neck race for life.

And what a run we enjoy! Clearing the dykes, in the first freshness of the chase we dash in a compact body after the hounds, which now are gaining on us rapidly, having their quarry a stone's throw ahead and scent as hot as fire.

The ground is heavy, and our progress is not as swift as it might be, but we strain every muscle as we go, panting and excited, over many a brook and through the lately harvested fields.

The hare makes a wide circle, cunningly twisting and turning, but ever leaning towards the hills, to which we fear she is bound.

Far ahead we watch the pack, working splendidly, never hesitating, and growing wilder with keenness at every pace.

Cutting across the half-circle already covered by the hare, we come up with them again, almost over running them in our excitement to go forward. A warning, courteous word from the master reminds us that we must hold ourselves in a bit, and follow, not lead, the hounds!

At the foot of the hills the hare suddenly changes her tactics, and instead of completing her circle back to the spot where we found her, she makes a desperate dash for the hill-foot.

Here, among the scrubby bushes by an old stone wall, we experience a check. What can have happened to her?

THE FINAL RUN.

The pack is at sea. But only for a short interval. One of the wily hounds soon finds out the trick, and with a bound the rest are once again in pursuit. This time it is up a valley in the hills that the run takes us, and some there are who, remembering the trick of many another hare that has gone the same round, wait patiently down in the fields for her return.

They were not mistaken, for a little further along the valley the hare and pack come down again almost together. Hardly is the level reached again before there is a splendid kill in full view of the field, who have just reached the most favourable spot to witness the last few yards of the race.

It is all over now. Some of the younger hounds are fairly done, and lie panting and exhausted. They even expect to be carried over the dykes, like little children taken for too long a walk for their unaccustomed legs.

Dusk is already beginning to fall about the levels, and we look no further for sport. A walk of half a mile in the gathering twilight brings us to the "Harriers' Rest," where a sumptuous tea in the oak-beamed coffee-room is awaiting us.

BERTRAM HUGHES.

POLITICS AS WE GET THEM.

At the present time, while we are practically on the eve of a General Election, it is interesting to consider the manner in which political news is served to us.

It would appear that no newspaper published takes an unbiassed and yet intelligent view of politics. There are several which profess to be non-political, but they are always so careful not to commit themselves that they avoid driving home exactly those points which the intelligent voter desires to have elucidated.

To take such an instance as the recent Bermondsey by-election, we had all the Unionist papers on the one side saying everything that could be said for their own candidate, and endeavouring to blacken the other two. The Radical papers were every bit as bad. Instead of dealing with the great issues involved, each party became side-tracked on one minor point or another that arose during the election.

It is a pity, for the elector would in many cases be glad to have the intelligent and disinterested advice of someone who follows politics more closely than he has time to do himself. The public are not fools, and they do not believe everything said by the papers either of their own party or of the other.

There is probably a fortune waiting for the capitalist who will bring out a London daily or evening paper which will be absolutely unbiassed in its politics and yet intelligent in what it has to say on matters political.

One halfpenny daily takes particular pride in giving political news without bias, but, though the theory is all right, the result is woefully poor.

What we want is a newspaper that will definitely take one side or the other according to circumstances and the country's needs without any consideration of party.

It is not neutrality we want, but each question should be judged on its merits and the whole truth stated independently.

WIGGINGS.

THE UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE OF BEI... CARPETED.

Horrible moment that when your grinni... fellow-clerk informs you, or the message com... down the tube or over the telephone, or in one w... or another you learn that the "guv'nor," the "... man," the "boss," the "chief," or whatever y... call him behind his back, wants to see you at on...

You feel instinctively that he does not desi... your presence for the purpose of hanging a ... medal round your neck, doubling your salary, ... inviting you to take a month's holiday at h... expense. Indeed, you have more than a lurki... suspicion that you are more likely to be requeste... to take an indefinite vacation at your own cost.

Anyway, in most cases you know that you are l... for a "wigging," also why, and the principal que... tion is the precise form your "scalping" will tak... That depends on the kind of man the "guv'nor" is.

One type flies at you the moment you enter hi... room. "What the—why the"—he storms, and ... you are wise you bow your head before the blast.

Don't attempt to explain, even if you have a satisfactory excuse, for to do so is merely to add fuel to the flame of his wrath. Let him blow himself out, as he soon will, and then state your case if you have one.

This type of "guv'nor" is usually a good-hearted chap for all his hot temper and ferocious language. He barks alarmingly, but seldom bites in the way of "logging" you, and often the interview, which began with sulphurous thunder, ends with a friendly clap on the back and a good-humoured admonition not to make a blanked fool of yourself again.

It is most certainly advisable not to attempt to argue with the hot-headed, flame-belching type of "guv'nor," or you may throw him into a fit, and have to face a charge of manslaughter.

Very different, and infinitely more to be feared, is the cold, precise kind of chief. He is just, but absolutely merciless. You have been tried and condemned before you entered the room. There is no appeal. He is one machine, and you are another.

You have erred and must pay the penalty. If he lets you off, it is not from any feeling of humanity, but simply because you can still be useful to him. There are no reproaches, no "language," simply cold, icy disapproval which chills you through and through.

Worse, if possible, is the sarcastic "guv'nor." He lashes you with the whip of his tongue, mocks and derides you, tears the skin from your self-respect, and leaves it raw and bleeding. And all the time he is suave, smiling, pitiless.

Fierce, outspoken wrath you can bear, even secretly admire; the blatant bully you can stand, for he cannot hurt your self-respect, but the sarcastic "guv'nor" is the very devil.

Then there is the weak boss. Sometimes he storms, more often he whines. He accuses you of "not supporting" him, he wants to know what he is to do if you go on like this, whereas he should have the most definite views on this point. His "wigging" is altogether an indefinite, unsatisfactory sort of affair, and often it does not end when you leave his room.

Your misdeeds will be raked up against you long afterwards; you feel that you have not been given a clean slate and a fresh start.

The kindly "wigging" is very hard to bear. Your employer is a good man, though not a saint. He is tolerant, but at the same time firm. You deserve everything he says, though he does not say much.

But he lets you see the harm you have done, the end that must be yours if you do not pull up, he appeals to your manhood and "your sense of decency, and in the end he says, "Well, it's no use crying over spilt milk, but pull yourself together, my lad. We'll forget about it, and try to do better."

And you go out, feeling thoroughly ashamed of yourself, but determined to turn over a new leaf and to do your very best for the "guv'nor" who is not only your "chief" but your friend and brotherman.

GILBERT BAKER.

MPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE TRAITOR

By R. D. CROMBIE.

rold Blackmore, barrister-w, was seated in his bers at the Temple, read-He was a slim, athletic man, sallow in lexion, with a keen, clever face. hen the door was thrust open suddenly and w who had called, his eyebrows sprang high surprise, and, without getting up, he stared. ommy Birch—of all men!" he said, with us slowness.

-h! I want to see you, Hal. Busy?"

o. Come in." Harold rose, and hesitated. other closed the door, and came forward, retching a brown sinewy hand. Harold's ation disappeared, and he returned the grip ily. "Never expected to see you," he said. , I'm fit, thanks. You all right?"

o, I'm not. I'm hellishly wrong."

mmy Birch delivered himself of this admis- with considerable emphasis, and then dropped ly into a chair. He was bronzed, and blue- and he carried with him the unmistakable sphere of the sea.

ellishly!" he repeated, gazing up at the d of his school days, who stood with his back e fire, eyeing him. "That's why I've come u."

m confoundedly sorry to hear it. Is it pro- onally you want to see me, or——."

o. Damn that! I wan't your advice as a —as a man. Drop the legal manner, Hal, od's sake, and listen."

silence the other sat down. The curious ness of his speech matched the curious ness of his movements.

What I want to know," Birch said with charac- ic bluntness, is this: "Is a man right to go ving with his wife if he knows she doesn't him?"

waited. It was easy to see that he was ing, and so unaccustomed to suffering that he not conceal it.

ight—legally or morally?" asked the other, a prolonged pause.

lorally. Curse the legality of it! It's my wife, and it's me she doesn't love. Me!"

shifted his position till his chin was buried s hands.

h, Lord!" he said, desperately.

rold Blackmore became decisive.

he's told you that?" he demanded.

nod.

almly?"

old as a stone."

What made her?"

asked. I forced her to tell me. I could he was different—horribly different. Only ed a year—and this! At first—oh, you know, you can't guess what it was! There never two like us. I've been home three , and you should have seen her when she ne. . . . It lived like an illuminated paint- efore me every day of the voyage afterwards. t describe it. I'm clumsy at talking."

stood up and thrust his hands behind back. His shoulders grew narrow as he ed.

ut I tell you," he went on, holding the gaze e calm, impenetrable eyes opposite, "she's fe, she's my breath, she's in every beat of eart."

hree times," repeated the other. "Then s the fourth?"

nmy gave a bitter exclamation. "Yes."

ain a pause.

's a mistake," said the barrister presently, ake too seriously what a woman says. To- ow she may ——"

he won't." Tommy seated himself again went on forcibly. "You don't know her. like no other woman. Oh! you can smile! believe it if you saw her. She wouldn't e that if she didn't mean it. She wouldn't e—for amusement. Besides, I *made* her tell. eld out. She was all reasons, but the feeling one. Why, the first time she kissed me the change in her went like ice to my heart. And afterwards she did it every time with an effort.

"My wife! The woman who loved me!" he whispered, staring into the fire. "And it's an effort for her to kiss me!"

An expression of sympathy softened the barrister's face.

"Buck up, Tommy," he said. "You never can tell—with women."

"It's queer," whispered Tommy, still to the fire. "I've loved her. I've loved her, I think, as a man loves God. . . . It's queer."

He turned a blanched, drawn face to his friend.

"What shall I do?" he said. "Not about myself—about her?" She mustn't go on being made to put up with me. I can't be with her, feeling she hates me. What shall I do?"

Again the barrister gave way to thought.

"Did she say what she wanted?" he asked, at length.

"She said I could do what I liked. She would abide by my decision."

"She didn't ask that you would leave her, then?"

"She saw no reason. She said we must put up with it. She said a lot of things. I can't remember them all. I think there was something about other people having to do the same thing, and, besides, I shouldn't be home often. That seemed a relief—to her."

Tommy was quiet now.

"You see," he went on. "I can't leave her without anybody. She has no relatives in London, and very few friends. She's in a boarding-house, you know, and, of course I should go on sending her my pay. But I can't leave her, thinking she will be all by herself. That's the trouble of it, Hal, I don't know what to do."

"Do nothing man," said the barrister promptly. "See it through this time. Goodness only knows how things will shape. When you're on sea again, as likely as not she'll be praying for your return. You've caught her in an odd mood, a mood that she can't control any more than you. When do you sail?"

"Three days' time."

"How long have you been here?"

"I came yesterday," answered Tommy, heavily.

"Then all this has happened to-day?"

"This afternoon. I've been walking about the streets for an hour or two trying to think it out. Then I found myself about here and thought of you. It's been a year or two since we've met, Hal, but I remembered your strength, your cold logic, and I felt I could talk it off a bit to you. You always listened to things at school, and thought your own thoughts. And you were always right there, it seemed to me, when there was trouble about. By the way, Hal, have you married? This affair's made me forget to be interested in anything. Don't think I'm a selfish uncaring brute. I'm broken up, somehow, just now. I'm in deep waters . . ." He ceased suddenly, his face lowering.

"No, I've never married," replied his friend, with slow, even articulation. "And I never shall. Let us confine ourselves to your matter. In my judgment you are making a mountain out of a molehill. You come home, after an interval of three months, and find your wife unresponsive, apparently indifferent to you. I can quite imagine that anticipations made you ardent, and that any ardency less than your own you would instantly mistake for coldness.

"You are young, Tommy," he went on, "not much younger than I in years, but young in experience, and absolutely infantile in your understanding of women. All you sailors are boys. You know nothing of the sensitive organism of woman which shrinks at hot love-making unless she wishes it herself. You expect to find her in precisely the same frame of mind as you left her. Women are never in the same frame of mind for more than sixty seconds at a stretch.

"You expect a honeymoon on every leave; you affright with your eagerness ——"

"How do you know all this?" interrupted Tommy, suddenly. "What are you telling me these things for? If I love my wife—"

"If it is sentimental sympathy you want," said the other, coldly, "you should not have come to me. You should have sought out an emotional spinster. But, perhaps, you've had enough."

"No," said Tommy, doggedly; "go on."

"Very well. It is easy to clinch the matter. In my judgment, there is no need for the theatrical separation from her for ever and amen that your injured feelings are prompting you to. You are ashore for another three days. Then stay with your wife for that time on the most cordial terms that you can manage between you. Control your demonstrative affection, and say good-bye to her with as much indifference as you can assume. Continue supporting her with your pay, and, in fact, go on just as if nothing had happened."

Tommy was watching him patiently, his face set like stone. Only in the frank blue eyes was pain showing, and it was that piteous pain which cannot quite make things out.

He stood up. A sort of grey despair had settled over him. He held out his hand.

"Thanks," he said, and he gave a hollow laugh. "It wasn't altogether what I wanted—but you've helped me. I see that I'm all fool, and all beast. It—it takes a bit of understanding."

He looked about for his officer's cap, picked it up from the table, and stood twisting it nervously in his hands.

"Yes; I suppose you're right," added Tommy, after thinking, and he stared down at his fidgeting fingers. "You're clever — and you can make things convincing. But it's rather fiendish cleverness, Hal."

He turned to go.

Then, all at once, he wheeled, his eyes flaming.

"But it would be all lies if she loved me," he cried out. "All lies."

He dashed his hand across his eyes, and glared like an animal at bay.

There was something, too, in the sallow face opposite that suggested the animal, a hint of cold pitiless cruelty.

But Tommy, simple-hearted, and blinded with agony, could not see it. His only reality was that he had needed a stimulant and had been given a poison.

"There's a hideous wrong somewhere," he said, "but God alone knows where."

Harold Blackmore remained motionless, gazing at the closed door. A faint smile curled his lips.

"God—or the other man," he said aloud.

Then he seated himself with slow care, and wiped the damp from his forehead.

"By the devil," he muttered, "I thought when he first came that he *knew*."

* * *

Three days later a telegram reached him, reading: "The fool has gone. Come quickly. Usual time and place."

And it was from Tommy Birch's wife.

VERY WILD FOWL

THE FURNISHERS OF SPORT ON THE SEASHORE.

If you ask the sportsman of small means why he does not give the sporting but monotonous rabbit a rest occasionally and try a day along the estuary shore, he shrugs his shoulders.

"There are so many professionals about. No good shooting against them."

Now, this is a poor answer. If there are "pro.'s" there must be birds. "Pro.'s" make part of their living at the game. It were useless to expect them to tell you how they do it, and without special knowledge success is out of the question.

After many years in company with these men and the birds they pursue, I have picked up a few hints which may help those who find a fascination in shooting by the gleaming estuary and over the wind-haunted mud-flats.

WADERS.

We will take the waders first, since they come first. Waders are at their best in autumn before the duck arrive. All are delicately flavoured, cunning birds, that know their way about.

They feed at all hours, according to wind and tide, and just as fish may only be caught "on the rise," so waders are most easily shot "on the feed." They come "on the feed" apparently just any time, and are, or appear to be, ravenous. Then you may get one shot a minute, or more, but when they go off the feed you will hardly get a shot an hour. Really, I fancy migration, wind, and tide all go to settle the timing of these hungry rushes.

During a period of high tides, when the feeding grounds out on the mud-flats are covered for long hours at a stretch, is the best time to shoot. Then the birds are hungry and will not wait. They go where they can and eat what they can get.

Here and there in quiet spots, mostly far up some forgotten creek, you may find a pond on a marsh, a shallow affair, half filled by the tide. It is best to pick a windy day; flying is an effort then, and rest as well as food essential, and the report of a gun not of such terrifying loudness.

EFFACING YOURSELF.

Here you must hide as best you can. Rarely is there cover near such a pool; which is one reason why the birds choose it. A depression in the ground must serve, and if there be none you must lie flat in the open.

You will have no lack of sport. Birds will keep on coming. If the time be early autumn and the wind very high, the report of your gun will scarce do more than frighten them from one side of the pool to the other. You may even have to rise on your knees to get them to show any reasonable amount of wildness at all.

But when they wheel in, and when they break away, you will get all the sporting shots you want, and are at liberty to take them if you can. Most men can't. Waders jump into full speed at the first go off; there is no preliminary, no second hance.

The birds comprise the following:

Curlew, which are the wildest of all; not naturally, I think, but by teaching; perhaps because, being the largest, they are the most sought after. Before August 1 they are almost too lazy to fly away. After that—well, they are part of the horizon, and take care to keep so. Curlew, like duck, have regular flight lines, but, unlike duck, fly always high. When directly above their feeding-ground they dive straight down.

Whimbrel are practically the same as curlew.

REDSHANKS.

Redshanks, next to curlew, are the most wary. On the wing they are rarely silent. In many places they are the most numerous among waders. They may be known by the white edging at the back of each wing, and by the ringing whistle, "Työ, työ!" At the pool they come as often as any, but have quicker eyes than most, and still quicker ears.

Redshanks have some odd ways, of which advantage may be taken. Sometimes a dog will attract them within range; at others the sight of anything strange. If one be killed, another, probably its old mate, will often dash backwards and forwards over the dead bird; sometimes the whole flock will return. Redshanks, like curlew, have special feeding areas and favourite places where they top the sea-wall going to and from the same. Here they may be bagged by anyone who can bring them down.

Turnstones are smaller than redshanks. In the early autumn they sometimes are amazingly abundant—passing birds mainly, on migration.

TURNSTONES AND OTHERS.

They hug their chosen feeding-grounds very tenaciously. Nor will shooting keep them away for long. They swim well and love the water. In flight they are much like the redshank, swift, turning quick as thought, diving at enormous speed, and rocking like a ship. These birds are not noisy like the redshank, nor will they always give warning of their presence. On the mud, in spite of the black and white livery, more or less striking according to season, they are hard to locate.

The knot, dunlin, and other small waders have habits much the same. Only the knot is larger than a turnstone.

The rest are so much smaller that they are only worth shooting *en masse*. The flocks always affect a very swift, wheeling flight in close formation.

Among those visiting the tidal pools the most numerous will be the knot, dunlin, little stint, ringed plover (these are more solitude-loving than the rest), pigmy curlew, and dotterel. Knot and dunlin do not appear in autumn till some time after the others. Only redshank and ringed plover are there all the year round.

HINTS FOR THE NOVICE.

It must always be remembered that these small waders bunch only to fly, and spread when feeding. They are even quicker than the above-mentioned kinds in taking alarm and hurtling away in the distance like a flash, and without warning given.

It is always wise, when after them, to prop some of the dead birds up and to have a call. Even if the dead are not propped up, they will still serve as decoys.

They take more killing than a pigeon, and there need be little fear of spoiling them with shot smaller than No. 3. The difficulty is to get the shot to make any impression upon them at all with ordinary twelve-bore cartridges. Out of a dozen waders examined, varying in size from redshanks downwards, and killed with ordinary charges of No. 5 shot at close range, all had been killed by shooting in the head; three only had broken wings, and only one showed a wound in any other part of the body. They are like little knights in chain mail—only with the helmet off.

F. ST. MARS.

IN SEARCH OF TIME.

A TOWN AND COUNTRY CONTRAST.

The day I set foot in the town I gained many things, but I lost Time.

There was truly an abundance—a superabundance—of clocks that struck incessantly, reminding one not so much of hours to come but of hours that had gone, precious hours that had vanished, and become entirely obliterated, as dead as a voice that is still, and that is very dead when you try to recall its tone and accent.

Try, for instance, to recall those details concerning the man you saw only last week; the man who may be a great friend, and you will realise how soon the human mind forgets, and how soon these things perish.

So it is with my Time.

Every sixty minutes I am censured by a thousand clocks for having let slip an hour; but, for the life of me, I cannot, in the town, prevent this prodigal waste of my only opportunity of drinking the wine of life "before life's liquor in its cup be dry."

Ask me about any one of the last five hundred hours I have lived, and I could not stamp any one of them with an individuality. Not of one single hour could I say: "There and then I got a glimpse of life; then I felt that I was living and not merely hustling."

And just so long as I remain in the town I know that I shall never get ahead of the rest of the world, and sit and think and feel before it overtakes me and sweeps me onward again in its clatter and haste.

It is a delicious experience to get ahead and wait. It can be done in business, sport, or ordinary pleasures. In cycling it is specially pleasant.

Though I curse the "companion" who makes a practice of keeping just a pace or two in front and sticks to it, when out for walk or ride, the occasional indulgence of this desire to forge ahead and then wait till your companion overtakes you, is very pleasant. You go steadily forward a few miles and then, when fancy takes you, you dismount at farm, or wood, or stile, lean your machine against a stile, and sit lazily by the roadside, waiting, waiting.

You have raced Time, and can afford to indulge in luxurious laziness while he and your companion are coming up. Then on you go again, pushing hard to keep pace with the rest of the world.

But it has become quite plain that so long as I remain in the city I shall never find Time. He is ever some distance in front, and, though I keep on trying, I know well that in the end he will still be ahead, and when my race is run, as I sink down on the track for the last time, with one hand stretched across the tape, I shall catch sight of Time still a little ahead, grinning horribly over his victory, and with a sarcastic twist of his forefinger round his prying, pushing nose.

Where then, if anywhere, is Time to be found? Time, I mean, in easy, dignified mood, waiting for a fellow now and again, and giving him a chance to look round and breathe, and eat and drink.

There is only one place, and that is as far as possible from sight and sound of a town. Up, yes, always up, into the hills, the wavy downs, and among the black clumps of trees that crown the round summits, Time is actually sitting, his feet at rest. Here he even waits for the plough-man and his team as they crawl ever so slowly up the brown sweep of stubble that they are patiently breaking up for next year's crops.

Time will even lag behind in these places. He will give men a chance to be strong and vigorous, clean of limb, and open of mind. He will not hasten them so much that they will forget their manners, but will encourage them to be slow of speech and full of a native courtesy and kindliness to each other and to their horses.

Here, indeed, one can find Time in all his abundance, but not in the town. He flies so quickly there that men have put up ugly things called clocks to tell them the rate at which he passes.

G. BULCRAIG

A MAN'S MOTHER

AND THE PART SHE PLAYS IN HIS LIFE.

A drawback that one encounters in dealing with this subject is that it verges on sentimentality. Sentimentality is anathema to most healthy-minded men, though such men will have a peculiar respect for sentiment.

Between the meaning of the two expressions there is a wide difference. Sentiment is the quiet voice of the soul; sentimentality a hysterical shriek.

On the music-halls it is the commonplace thing to see a soulful gentleman, looking like the Silver King, drag off his hat and gaze heavenwards whenever he comes to the word "mother" in his song, and the sickly sentimentality is sure magnet to applause.

The idea that a man's mother is sanctified in his heart, and to be spoken of with bared head, would be food for indulgent amusement if it were not a nauseous, hypocritical lie.

The best thing about the best mother on earth is that she is always on the same level as her son. This is as true of the mother's point of view as it is of the son's. The basic relation is equality.

LOVE UNDYING.

Even though a mother, a good-living mother, have a son who is blackguard or criminal, there is never in her heart a feeling of superiority. Anger or pity for his follies she may feel, but he is a part of her from conception to death. Indeed, the worse he is, the more enduring, oftentimes, becomes her love for him.

The equality is of that indefinable character which has nothing to do with manners or morals; it belongs to the lasting unities like soil and plant, sunrise and day.

To a man, his mother is entirely different from any woman in the world. I do not by any means suggest that she is necessarily a better woman than any, but his feelings and attitude are quite distinct.

One peculiarity is that he takes her for granted, while, instinctively, other women, even his sisters, he studies, and scrutinises, and compares.

Sisters have veins in their natures of which a brother knows nothing, except that they are there; they prove constantly surprising. Probably the explanation is that the relationship between a man and his mother is far closer than between brother and sister. Another explanation, and a less subtle one, is that a man's mother is the only woman he can take for granted without letting himself in for a considerable amount of unpleasantness.

THE DIFFERENCE.

If he takes his girl or his wife for granted, he is admitting that her attractions have ceased to charm and his affection is on the wane. In a minor degree the same is true of his sister, only that with her he is more concerned that others shall appreciate her.

But though a woman resents such treatment from her husband, a mother does not mind it from her son. It assumes an intimacy of understanding which needs no actions or assertions to prove it.

Again, a man is less particular with the obvious courtesies towards his mother than to other women. Of course, he will lift his hat to her in the street, and go to open a door for her, but for her he exercises less control of his irritation; he will cut short a conversation, make curt replies to her question, not hesitate to tell her to be quiet altogether. In a word, he is less careful to disguise his faults to her.

But such lack of small courtesies is no indication that his love and respect for her are less than for others of her sex. It is that the multitudinous obligations between the sexes are unnecessary between them. To dig right down to the secret at the core, a man is never conscious of the sex of his mother.

Nevertheless, I am far from championing such a thing as that a man may treat his mother as he likes. If his failure in the details of amenities spread to open disrespect he is in danger of making himself contemptible.

There is an old-fashioned belief that if a man is good to his mother he will be good to his wife; that if he practises kindness, consideration, and affection with regard to her it is a reliable indication that he is a decent fellow all round.

A SOUND TEST.

And in the belief is much virtue. Certain it is that if he is brutally inconsiderate to his mother and makes of her a slave to his selfishness, as many a man does, he is qualifying himself badly for proper treatment of other women. So long as he holds honour for her, he must honour himself.

Women there are who make bad mothers, but I believe them to be rare, and, at least, a man should be slow to hold his mother in judgment.

Some women of the upper classes notoriously reveal little but indifference towards their children; they are shallow, seekers of pleasure, self-centred. But such, I am convinced, form only a small proportion even of their own class.

Men of wealth, fame, responsibility, just as with men in humbler grades of society, receive from their mothers that quiet, subtle influence and sympathy which is of a kind that is not to be got elsewhere.

The personality of youth is like white paper, and it is upon that that mothers write of themselves and their hopes and beliefs in their sons. It is when young that a mother possesses her son. Later, she has to relinquish him to another woman, and the faithful record of what she loses in herself and gains from his happiness has yet to be written. As for the man, he suffers little or nothing of the pangs of loss in such circumstances.

A FRIEND THAT LASTS.

The care, the sacrifice, the restraint, the fortitude shown by a man's mother cause him to marvel, if ever he thinks of them.

But seldom it is that he remembers. She has been so associated with his life that all she does seems natural. He displays no gratitude, and she expects none displayed. Only, when a man has the right sort of mother, there is instilled in him the strong and steady consciousness that, come what will, he has one friend—and one who will forgive. Barren the man who has not even his mother to turn to when misery shrouds his life.

When there is illness she is in her realm of maternity. What nurse more attentive, more unwearying than a man's mother?

Her touch is gentle, her voice calm and soothing. She anticipates your need almost before you know what it is yourself, and even in extremity her cheer and hopefulness do not fail. Their love is greater than their fear.

A. G. STORM.

CLOCK GOLF.

There is no game in the world so charmingly adaptable as clock golf.

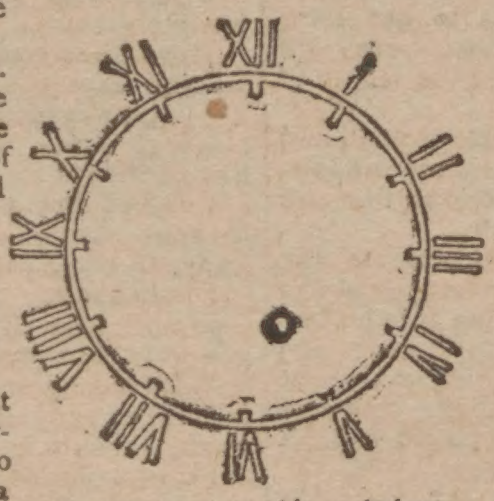
You can play it at any time of year, provided the snow is not on the ground, for it is not too hot for midsummer or too long a game to be impossible in winter. You can alter the rules to suit your taste and the peculiarities of your garden, and the game will not necessarily lose by it.

You can play it at any age, whether you are a golfer or not. It is possible in the smallest of gardens; and although it may afford relaxation rather than exercise, it needs a sureness of eye and a skill and self-restraint that are outside the demands of many a more athletic game.

The way of it is as follows. It is played on turf that may be of any nature, from that of the finest putting greens to that of the average back garden, and the latter probably provides the more excitement.

A corner of the disused tennis lawn may be used if necessary, without its suffering any serious consequences.

A circle must be marked out with white-wash, for which purpose the simplest method is to set a peg in the centre and tie a string to it and to the brush, to ensure a perfect circle being obtained.



How the green should be marked out.

The circle may be of any dimensions that the space available makes possible, but if there are no restrictions, it should not be much more than 15ft. in diameter.

This should be marked out, as in the accompanying diagram, like a clock face. If the centre peg be left in, it is easy to find the position of the 12, 3, 6, and 9, and the intervening right angles can then be divided into three.

At any point you like which is *not* the centre make your hole. You will need to insert a flower-pot or something similar to prevent its getting filled up and to ensure its perfect roundness. I have found that a half-pound tobacco tin of my own pet brand is the ideal thing, provided the bottom is well pierced, to allow the rain water to drain away.

The only other necessaries are a golf ball—a cheap one will do, as there is no wear on it—and a putter, or preferably two. If you are a golfer you will, of course, be supplied with both these articles, but if not the outlay need be only a few shillings.

The game can be played by any number of persons, two being the most suitable. There is even a considerable amount of interest in going round alone and trying to beat your own record.

Each figure in the circle is treated as a separate hole in a game of golf. You first place your ball just outside the circle, behind the number one, and endeavour to put it down the hole in as few strokes as possible.

If A gets down in 2 and B in 3 strokes, A wins the hole and takes the "honour"—that is to say, he plays first at the next hole.

A is then "one up," and if he wins the next hole he becomes two up, while if he loses, the two are "all square."

If both take the same number of strokes to any hole, it is "halved," and the score remains as before.

This, the ordinary method of golf, is far the simplest way of scoring, though many count the total number of strokes taken over the twelve holes.

The hole should be changed from time to time, both to save the grass and to prevent monotony, by altering the "lie" of the various holes.

L. R. WRIGLEY.

VETERINARY TIPS.

For cracked feet, from which dogs often suffer, there is no better remedy than a wash composed of permanganate of potash crystals dissolved in water.

The best way is to put a quantity of the crystals in a bottle, fill up with cold water, and then dilute as you require it.

This will also do for the cracked heels to which some horses are liable. It is both healing and hardening. In addition, it is as cheap a remedy as was ever invented.

The best stand-by for the home vet. is cold water. A cold water bandage with a dry one over it is a remedy that is always at hand.

After a hard day in the hunting field or across country your horse will be all the better for this treatment. Bandage all his legs with both wet and dry bandages, and be sure that your dry bandage is double the thickness of the wet one.

When the wrappings are removed, sponge with cold water, and massage the legs with your hand for a few minutes.

Even in cases of severe inflammation this practice may be pursued, only in that case renew the wet bandage from time to time and re-cover with a dry one.

Cold water will reduce inflammation, and indeed prevent it.

Take the chill off a horse's drinking water, for, in spite of what some authorities say, ice-cold water is injurious.

To get a polish on the coat of a small, smooth-haired dog, get a little cocoa-nut oil in the palm of your hand, rub it well over the dog's body, and finish off with a cloth.

To clean a fox-terrier without washing use either flour or magnesia—this is a show tip.

THE JOYS OF WADING.

There is something indefinably attractive in walking into the water with your clothes on. I suppose it is because you feel you are doing something that you shouldn't.

There is all the difference in stepping into the water unintentionally and wading in as the otter-hunter does of set purpose.

To many fishermen this is one of the chief joys of angling, and the pleasure is only increased when the legs are encased almost to the waist in waders that keep them warm and dry.

Even a pair of rubber knee-boots, or "gum-boots" as they are called in the Army, and a mere puddle can give something of the joys of wading.

HOW TO MAKE A WINDOW-BOX.

Of course, the simplest way is to get some common wood—disused egg or sugar boxes will do—and make a long narrow case the length of the window-sill and paint it green.

But that is a very primitive arrangement, and can be improved upon. I have seen some window-boxes that are works of art, and others that are really marvels of ingenuity and taste.

The one that appeals most strongly to the amateur carpenter is one that represents palings and a five-barred gate—painted white for choice.

Bark is often used to give a rustic air to the whole concern. It is nailed over the framework aforementioned and then varnished; or cork can be used in the same way in large pieces or little bits firmly glued on.

A fellow with skill and talent can make his window, even in the dingiest and most depressing suburb, a joy for ever if he cares to take the trouble.

In addition to the box he can make a trellis-work for creepers out of rough branches, or he can manufacture a sort of handle to his box and cover that with trails of ivy or virginia creeper as his fancy dictates.

A window-box which a pal of mine made in his spare moments was ornamented with oyster shells which he had glued on and then coated with enamel in two contrasting shades against a background of myrtle green. It was gorgeous.

WRITTEN BY OUR READERS

ON MAKING A SPEECH.

It sometimes happens to the best and the worst of human beings that Fate takes a grudge against one, and compels one to make a speech in public.

I never knew a man enjoy this spouting unless he was a windbag or a politician.

Of course, much depends on the nature of the function at which you are assisting, and also on whether you are aware of the fact that you will be called upon to spout or are taken by surprise.

Don't in the former case tell the audience that you are overwhelmed, &c., and that you are so taken by surprise that you have nothing to say, and then meander on for an hour.

In case you are called on suddenly, just commit a few appropriate sentences to memory beforehand; say them and sit down.

Try to keep your self-possession as far as possible. You are not the only fool present, remember; there are others to follow.

Don't remain on your legs a moment after saying all that is necessary; better say too little than too much.

In proposing a toast, be as short and pithy as possible.

BLOWING AWAY THE COBWEBS.

It was a miserable Sunday! It had rained all day, and the wind was blowing a gale.

I had not exactly risen with the lark. I had come downstairs at about 11 a.m. in négligé attire, consisting of trousers, shirt, a jacket, and an old pair of dancing-pumps.

I had slept all the afternoon, and dreamed terrible dreams.

Now it was evening and I was feeling—to use a vulgar expression—*rotten*. What should I do? The rain was pouring in torrents, the wind was blowing. I was a new-comer to this town, and had no friends I could look up.

I walked down to the tram terminus—we have a connection with a large town about five miles away, all along country roads.

I buttoned my "mac" around my throat, lit my pipe and jammed my hat well on my head, and got on to the upper deck of the tram.

What a delightful sensation! When we got to full speed (and they do *go* along those country roads) I had to hold on my hat.

I was alone on top except when the conductor came up for my fare. I endorsed his words when he said, "Ain't it fine? Just like being on a boat at sea. Reminds me of the last time I went from Brighton to Worthing."

It did me good—blew the cobwebs from my brain, which before had seemed muddled, and bucked me up tremendously.

You try it. The only requisites are a wet, blustering, "wicked" night, an electric tram (through the country for preference), and a pipe, which you must get going before you get on top.

It will do you good, and it has the advantage of being cheap.

MONEY FOR PARAGRAPHS.

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't exceed 300 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Don't send a letter to the Editor with a paragraph. Address it to him direct.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. Walter C. Bedford, 52, High Street, Sutton, Surrey, for "Blowing Away the Cobwebs."

THE BEST WAY TO CLEAN LEATHER.

It depends, of course, what the article is that requires cleaning.

For leather-covered furniture, which has got shabby from long use, the following may be tried. Wash it well with warm soda-water, and when it is quite dry varnish it. Or after washing apply white of egg, and then polish with a piece of chamois leather.

Patent leather boots and shoes require particular care. A little grease—many people use ordinary dubbin—should be applied from time to time, as it saves them from that fatal disposition to crack.

Brown boots can be cleaned with a little cream or even milk, and rubbed up with a soft duster. Saddlery can be freshened up in the same way.

Leather dog collars can be washed in soda and water, and afterwards a little of the ordinary paste sold for brown boots may be applied.

SOME SUGGESTIONS ON SPORTING TROPHIES.

For those fellows who get plenty of trophies in the shape of antlers, skins, and feathers, a few suggestions as to what to do with them may be of value.

One doesn't want to keep all, but it is quite possible and easy to make them into gifts.

Many a fair lady of one's acquaintance would prize such an attention from a gallant sportsman. A pheasant's or other bird's plumage can be made into a dainty fan mounted on a carved ivory stick of your own workmanship, or an embossed metal one. Or if you are no hand at this sort of thing you can send the feathers away to be made up.

A paper-knife made from stags' horn is another suitable present. Or if trapping is your forte, a most charming bag can be made of mole skins which any lady would be only too pleased to receive from her friend or sweetheart, and any taxidermist will prepare the skins for you and get them made up.

This suggestion applies equally well to otter and beaver skins, while a rug made of the furry covering of the humble bunny, properly prepared and dyed, and lined artistically, is by no means a present to be despised.

HINTS TO A WOULD-BE LINGUIST.

Many a chap would like to learn another language, and has very little money and perhaps less time at his disposal.

For such a few hints may be of service.

A man who was a brilliant scholar and linguist once told me how he taught himself Italian.

He copied out long lists of the names of things and committed them to memory. Then he adopted the same plan with the verbs, and so on. Finally he learnt whole sentences.

In this way he mastered the language, and so proficient did he become in a very short time that he was able to act as interpreter in a police court when the parties were Italians.

This mode of self-tuition is far pleasanter and easier than wading through the grammar first.

Italian is by far the easiest language to learn oneself, because each syllable is pronounced; but with perseverance any foreign language can be learned by adopting the plan mentioned.

But you can never acquire a really good pronunciation without conversing with a native.

THE DREAM AND TROOPER KERNAHAN.

A YEOMANRY STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Kernahan had entirely his own ideas concerning the uses of a Territorial Regiment.

Most obliging of men at all times, he yet considered that the fact that a County Division Member of the Opposition wished to advance his cause at the next election by coming to Brermouth from afar and inaugurating a meeting ostensibly for the sacred purpose of recruiting, was no reason why "B" Squadron should be paraded in force, marched to the Town Hall in all the glory of dress uniform; and accommodated with two long front rows of chairs beneath the beaming gaze of the aforesaid Member and the admiration of the public that thronged the great assembly room.

Nor did the Trooper relish the urns-full of patriotic but somewhat oily praise which one, Major Baring Bright—supporter of Remlington, M.P.—saw fit to empty upon the heads of the "potential defenders of our hearths and homes in time of dire need."

The Squadron generally shifted uneasily in their seats. In addition they blushed on occasion—when, for instance, they heard themselves described as practically a stone better than "Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these." They yearned only for some Brass Bottle-bred Geni to transport them to the comfort and peace of their own beloved Yeomanry room at the Territorial Club, where none flaunted the Union Jack in garish, unhallowed splendour before them.

Remlington, M.P., however, when the concluding vote of thanks to the chairman had been cheered vociferously by the dispersing public, proved himself to be a bearable sort of fellow in spite of all.

With the sacred fire of patriotism burning in his eyes and lighting his countenance, he had stood as stiffly to attention as the men of Squadron "B" when the band blared forth the National Anthem, but in the semi-privacy of the adjacent Supper Room, where unlimited whisky and soda flowed, he raised his glass and pledged the "dear old boys of the K.O." with a very human wink and a smiling "Cheero!"

Now, Trooper Kernahan—and Carteret, Stephen, and Sergeant Hall, his satellites—usually found, as really popular Yeomen always do, that a regimental "night out" meant reaching home, painfully awake, in the small hours.

Therefore, when the inevitable fell upon the four, in the shape of an invitation from Remlington, M.P., to partake of a nightcap in his reception room at the Meteor Hotel, they bowed to the fate for which they were already prepared.

And they talked of the great Possibility, while the clock ticked solemnly into another day.

"Oh, but they'll never dare to tackle us," said Trooper Carteret, as he comfortably puffed at a cigar. "They'd never *dare*. It's a dream, gentlemen—a dream!"

"A *dream?*" Remlington, M.P.—(really, the only fault with this hospitable man was his devotion to party politics, which he imagined he perfectly understood)—took up the theme quickly.

"A dream?" he repeated. "Well, you fellows can't have got eyes in your heads—that's all. Yet, here you are, living and breathing in the very spot on the map of England on which Wilhelm of Germany has placed his beautifully manicured forefinger, saying, 'This is the weak point. This is my way into England!'"

"We're not in the Town Hall now, sir," observed Carteret, quite cheerfully. An hour had sufficed to break down the truth-forbidding ramparts of polite conversation, and Remlington, M.P., was to these Yeomen a man and a brother.

Remlington, M.P., smoked a large and homely calabash in silence for a space.

From outside, where a wintry seaward wind swept the deserted sea-front, only the dull roar of the big breakers could be heard.

"I may be mistaken," observed Remlington, M.P., "but——"

He crossed to the French window that opened on to the balcony and drew aside the heavy curtain.

Most unceremoniously—for an M.P. connected with the Admiralty—he polished a portion of the window-pane with a speckless handkerchief and gazed out into the blackness beyond the white glare of the electric arc lamp that lighted the deserted parade outside the Meteor.

"Yes, I thought so, gentlemen. I thought so," he observed at length. "In fact, I'd have bet on it! . . . Now make us up a stiff peg, Mr. Stephen, please. It's a cold night, by gosh, and it'll be chilly on the balcony."

"The balcony!" exclaimed the Yeomen in chorus.

"Certainly," said the ultra-amazing Remlington, M.P.

Trooper Kernahan, looking the embodiment of comfort and content, in a big arm-chair near the blazing fire, stirred uneasily.

"Ah, what for?" he asked, drowsily.

"I happen to be in a position," observed Remlington, M.P., "to show your friend, Carteret, that this Dream may come true. What do you think is the purpose of this steady policing of the East Coast?

"By day you see 'em passing here, slipping through the Roads beyond the lightships—a couple of first-class cruisers, perhaps, with half-a-dozen little black devils of destroyers tailing after them. At night you will see their lights moving in the darkness—the black hulls slinking through the gloom. Always keeping watch, always—always!

"And one day there'll come a time"—Remlington, in the centre of the room, was assuming his best platform style—"when there'll be a dull boom heard in the night. The Game's begun, gentlemen, the Game's begun!"

"Beautiful," observed Kernahan, admiringly, opening his eyes with an effort.

"Come," said Remlington, M.P., impressively. "I will show you the lights and the watchers that guard us beyond the sands."

"Oh, I'm all right here, thanks," said Kernahan slowly. "I'm—all—right."

"Lazy brute!" observed Sergeant Hall.

Stephen was already loosening the bolts of the French windows.

"Now—coming—you—chaps," said Kernahan, wearily, and he rose.

Beyond the lonely parade the cold moonbeams danced on the waters. The sound of the sea roaring intermittently crescendo and diminuendo as the billows broke and receded, hissing and squelching over the pebbles, was in Kernahan's ears.

Out on the wide balcony Remlington, M.P., was, for once in his life, tongue-tied.

"Why, I could have sworn that I saw cruiser and destroyer lights," he said, staring out. "I'd have laid my constituency on it! Now they're gone—not a twinkle. . . . Hallo—what's that?"

A detonating sound broke the stillness like a sudden thunderclap.

Kernahan saw Carteret smile slightly.

"We're not out here in vain after all, Mr. Remlington," he said. "You'll see the lifeboat launched. Yes, it's half-past twelve, but within two minutes you'll be amazed to find how many people have not retired to their virtuous couches in Brermouth. What did I tell you?—and the second gun has not gone yet!"

From out the roads and sideways that were the main arteries to Brermouth's palatial parade people were streaming, running towards the lifeboat house.

A black cloud obscured the moon—then again that detonation.

"Gad!" exclaimed Trooper Kernahan. "That's no lifeboat gun!"

Far out beyond the furthermost light something flashed luridly, burned red, and disappeared.

Remlington, M.P.—authority on matters Naval—tapped his foot testily and murmured softly, but tensely, half to himself.

"The new shell," he whispered—almost questioning himself—"the new German shell?"

Kernahan felt the Member of the Opposition grip his arm.

"Boy," he said, "supposing—supposing ——"

He broke off, and looked out grimly.

"Supposing *they* are there! Good gad, without warning, too—without warning! A dash for the supremacy of the world, and all's fair in——"

"Explain, explain!" cried Trooper Kernahan. "Wake up, man—explain!"

Remlington, M.P., wore no cheery smile now. There was a grimness upon his countenance, and Kernahan could see thereon the expression of a man who had realised suddenly that a great calamity was about to befall.

His hands were thrust in his trouser pockets. Kernahan saw him draw himself up stiffly and defiantly. . . .

This time there was no mistaking it. . . .

Again the lurid light, again the red glow low down on the sky-line.

A rift in the storm-cloud threw an almost searchlight beam far out at sea.

A steamer, tiny on the sky-line, was, plainly, heeled over on the water like a duck with a broken wing.

Remlington, M.P., broke out into a torrent of curses.

"Gad, and we're helpless here!" he almost wept. "Helpless as children. We can't *see*—we can't *see!*"

He put out his hands like a blind man groping in the everlasting dark.

Kernahan felt a thrill in his veins, felt his lips tighten, and his nails cutting into the palm of his clenched hand.

The crowd by the lifeboat house, he saw, was now running pell-mell over to the sea-wall. He could hear their shouts, their altercations, the earnest tones of the alarmists who had guessed at the truth, the derisive laughter of the scoffers who had not seen.

"It is that new German shell!" said Remlington. "The dull, peculiar, muffled clap. Two warning guns to heave to was given that steamer. Then the third—poor devils—poor devils! And I—we, rather—are the only men in England who really know——"

Kernahan broke through the agonised sentence.

"Stephen," he said, "the colonel at the Artillery Barracks—the Regulars, y' know—he's the man! He takes over command temporarily. We must get to him. I must go at once. Stephen, knock up Gibson and have surprise calls sounded for the Cyclists and the Fifth and Sixth Battalions. He's got all the system pat and arranged. His captain has an emergency mobilisation scheme—remember the dress rehearsal? Infernally adequate, too!

"Hall, you can attend to the coastguard. Tell 'em what Mr. Remlington says about the shell. Tell 'em he knows—knows for a fact!"

"Now, Carteret, come with me. Stephen, I've got to get to the Barracks sharp, and I'm bagging your horse. . . . Ta-ta, Mr. Remlington! Strewth—it seems funny coming like this, and I thought the Reality would be so dramatic—so

Drury Lane-y, you know. The Invasion of England, by gosh! and (poor Mr. Le Queux) we're one month from nineteen-hundred-and-ten!"

With a good horse under him, Kernahan felt a thrill of ecstasy as he trotted smartly out of the "Meteor" stable yard. The Artillery Barracks lay far beyond the town, and outside them by the seaward wall the Landguard Fort frowned on the North Sea.

Leaving the town and striking over the undulating downs he knew so well, Kernahan caught the echo of bugles sounding the "Surprise." Stephen had been swift—but what a testimonial his was to the efficacy of Gibson's beloved system!

Far and near that alarm sang out its message, . . . dying away in the distance as he cantered along in the dark.

Now he had taken the white moonlit road that led to the gaunt stone walls of the Barracks, and extended also to the village of Prawleston, that lay three miles beyond Brermouth Town.

Where the road winds to the village and leaves the barrack approach, a cyclist, pedalling swiftly, passed him. Then, cramming on his brake, he turned up and called out to him in the dark.

"Hay, I say! Is that a Yeoman? Are you in 3 Squadron? Are you—oh, wait a sec!" The man seemed at a loss for words.

Kernahan drew rein, and the cyclist dismounted.

"Oh, it's Kernahan!" he said joyfully. "Well, p'raps you can tell me what all this is about. Gibson's telephoned to Captain Blades of the Prawleston detachment. There's a surprise call. What the devil for at this time of night? Tell me, man, what the devil *for?* Surely it's not true what they're saying—not *really* true?"

"I'm riding to inform Carey—Colonel Carey at the Artillery Barracks. That's how true it is," said Kernahan. "So, good night, and get 'em all together! Make for the Drill Hall sharp, and don't hang about asking questions. They may try to effect a landing."

He shook his horse into a gallop on the turf by the side of the road, and was off into the night again.

The sentry at the great gates brought him up with the usual question.

"I must see the Colonel at once," he said. "Gravest importance—the very gravest."

There was a delay while someone in authority in the guard-room was consulted.

Then a private of the guard held his horse, and yet another conducted him to the officers' quarters, where the Colonel was engaged in perusing many official-looking documents, while his subalterns smoked and talked.

"Yes, they had heard the guns. Oh, it was not the lifeboat? Really? *Invasion?* What an idea! With all due respect to Trooper—er—Kernahan's uniform, was he *quite* mad?

Kernahan played his trump card—the peculiarity of the detonation, the shell, and Remlington, M.P.'s, knowledge thereof.

His rhetorical style was worthy of Remlington himself.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "the lead's with you. You must act, and that now!"

The faces of the younger men, Kernahan noticed, paled slightly under the gaslight. There was no scoffing now.

The Colonel sat staring in front of him. Then he rose, and rapped out his orders smartly.

The subalterns went to put them into immediate execution.

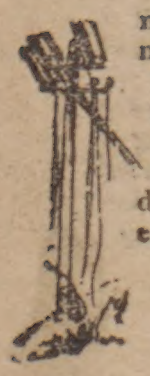
Kernahan waited until the last had left the room.

"If I might suggest, sir—the telephone!" he said. "The line will be clear, and we should be able to get the War Office immediately."

"The telephone's there, Trooper. Get the number, and hold the line until I return. We must have reinforcements, of course. You have a horse, haven't you? Good. You will be of use to me."

Kernahan crossed to the telephone.

"Number, please?" came the expressionless drone from the man on night duty at the local exchange.



"I want a London call—the War——" he began.

"Sorry, sir. Don't know what's gone wrong, but the communication with London's interrupted somewhere. Can't make it out somehow, and——"

"Good Gad!" exclaimed Kernahan. "They've cut the wires—cut the wires!"

Kernahan heard the man's faint "Wha—at?" echoing, as he slammed the receiver on to the rack.

In a haze he crossed to the Colonel's table and collapsed heavily into the Colonel's chair.

"Then, by all the gods," he murmured, "they've caught us on the hop, and, by gosh, we're *done!*"

Outside somewhere he could hear men cheering.

* * * * * * * *

Remlington, M.P.'s face was the next thing that greeted Kernahan.

"It's taken me about five minutes to wake you up, boy," he said. "You've missed all the fun. The lifeboat's been out, and you can hear the people cheering the crew now. We let you remain here because you hadn't the politeness to step on to the balcony for a moment when your host said he could prove that we are giving the gentlemen-over-the-way no chance to make the Dream come true."

"The dream?" said Trooper Kernahan foolishly.

Then he looked at his cloak, which still reposed on the chair with his riding whip, forage cap, and gloves.

"Ah, yes, it was a dream, eh?" he muttered. "Boys, it's about time we were marching—home!"

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

At the time of going to press with this number, we have several hundreds of applications for membership in THE MODERN MAN League which cannot be dealt with for a day, or, perhaps, for two days, until fresh supplies of badges reach us from the factory.

By the time this number is in your hands, however, we trust that our stock of badges will be sufficient to meet all demands. We are dealing with applications strictly in rotation, and the sooner we receive your application the better.

As we have already explained, the badge is to show that you are a member of the great brotherhood that we have founded. It entitles you to speak without an introduction to any other member of the League. What may come of a casual meeting of this description, rests in your hands.

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Owing to the large number of badges which we have had manufactured, we can supply them at the following extremely low prices:

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9-ct. gold tie-pin or pendant, 6s.
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We do not supply lapel or cap badges in gold.

Fill up the form printed below, or write out a similar form on a scrap of paper, and send it to us accompanied with a Postal Order to cover the price of the badge you select. Address all letters on this matter to "The Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London," and write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a member of THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE, *and forward me a badge of membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....*

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gilt metal; and it is to be fitted as a tie pin, pendant for the watch chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

MODERN LOVE.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

According to the poets and novelette love is a magical thing which comes upo suddenly, and which he has not the p resist; neither is he supposed to have the desire to free himself from his delicious bo

But poets are a little out of exact sympat the times, for, being idealists, they are o practical.

Love, of the intense spontaneous varie be the right thing, but at the present d rather uncommon. Get half-a-dozen marri to tell you candidly how they fell in love, a of them will confess that it was with gradual process.

They got to know the girl, rather liked h was nice to them, they consequently were more than usually polite to her, she see appreciate this, and so they drifted on, more and more chummy, till, finally, the agreed that they had better marry.

Such marriages are often just as ha those contracted when the parties are m romantically in love. The young man kno the affection which grows is often a perfect viceable and pleasing one, and here l danger. He allows himself to be guided matrimonial net by a young woman who husband and who does not care especially

She flatters him subtly, as only a woman how to flatter, and he supposes that she lov

It is not a case here of both parties into matrimony; only the man drifts—the made up her mind to have him.

His feeling towards her is, perhaps, stronger than friendship, but he drifts along finally imagines it to be love, and marries

Such a woman after the marriage ge drops all the artful wiles which she has pr before it, and the man's life becomes a tragedy. She has got what she wanted—a band—and she ceases all efforts to please.

There used to be a comic song which had refrain the words: "Some would look at a with trousers on." At the present time "some" might very well be replaced by th many.

At this moment, when trade has been for some years, there are few young men w in a position to keep a wife, and those who provided of course, that they are fairly looking—are pestered with the attentions of seeking girls.

To a young man who has devoted his lei sport rather than to the study of womenkin attentions offered to him by these girls ar ticularly dangerous.

They will nurture the slightest acquaintan lending him a book, and by writing to him whether he has finished it or not. He must in reply, and the cordiality of the letter him is generally reflected in his answer, as his mind.

He may have a certain amount of caution may think it advisable to keep away from particular damsel, but one day he receives a cordial and polite note, asking whether it wo convenient for him to return the book. Co bring it in person, and take tea with the lad certain afternoon?

He is getting nearer and nearer the cen the net. She will lead him on as only a sch woman knows how to do; and if he does pr in time, there will come a moonlit evening the girl seems fairly good-looking after a when he finally puts to her the question tha decide his fate.

To any young man who is in the toils I offer the sound advice that he should weig own feelings frankly, and if he discovers h not really and absolutely love the girl, he simply refuse her various attentions, and with all courtesy. She will hate him for better her dislike now than to be handed for all the years to come.

DAVID COC

"Here's a secret in his breast
Which will matter for his rest."
—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

In the lives of all there are things hidden which, if revealed, might make a considerable difference to their reputation among their fellow-creatures.

An old friend of mine, with a tendency for the philosophical, was fond of saying that he never knew a home without its vacant chair, and never knew a head without a skeleton somewhere.

I will paraphrase it, and assert that I have never come to intimate knowledge of a man without realising, openly or unconsciously, that it contained things hidden from the eyes of the world.

Now, it may be a ready supposition that the things hidden from general scrutiny are those of which the person is ashamed. It is seldom given to a man to be secretive about the things of which he is proud. He may make admission of them with a deprecatory gesture, as if to say: "I do these things, you know, but modesty forbids me taking any credit for them. I'm a man like that; that's all."

But that is far from being all.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

There are facts and habits and predilections of nature about which he is much less candid. Indeed, often though it is that they are things of which he is ashamed, here and there, buried in the depths of his motley personality, are other things—things not of pride or shame but of preciousness—things that own a strange sanctity. There are loves, and ideals, and shy beauties in a man just as there are hates, low motives, and meannesses, and all hidden for the same reason—that of fear.

Those things which create in him shame he fears to become known in case they should earn the censure and contempt of others, and the things he fears would lose their preciousness if exposed to cold and critical gaze.

I often wish it were otherwise. I often think it would be better if we brought out our shames into the fresh air to be cleansed, and let whatever there is beautiful in us be seen and shared.

To one now and again it can be done, and, if you come to think of it, such a one has an intenser place in your existence than any. It may be a man; it may be a woman. To speak Biblically, I have blessed the man who can let his self be known to a woman and still be loved.

But in general the wish is impossible. For one thing self-confession ever holds taint of egotism, and there is nothing more nauseous than boast of virtue, not even boast of virtue.

THE TRAGEDY OF MISUNDERSTANDING.

Ah, it is a pity. I believe that half the miseries of the world come from misunderstanding, and most of the other half from mistrust of others. Every man is often a better fellow than he thinks he is, and sometimes a hound when he deems himself a hero.

If we had dared to be honest!

* * * * *

One of the most dramatic stories in literature is concerned with the Things Hidden. It is that of the woman taken in adultery and brought before Christ for him to pass condemnation on her. What He did was magnificent—as well as terrible.

He called near the patriarchal priests and elders whose sense of virtue was so horribly outraged by the woman's misdeed, and, taking them one by one, stooped and wrote something in the sand with His finger.

He did not speak. He just wrote—something.

And, without a shadow of doubt, what was written was the Thing Hidden in that particular man's life—the secret shame of that man.

Can't you imagine it? For one—Liar! For another—Thief! or Murderer! or Oppressor! For many—Adulterer thyself!

And they all went away, silenced.

* * * *

Humanity is unchanged. Within all of us there is the hidden something which might strike us dumb if the finger of Truth wrote it before our eyes.

But it is not that it is there, nor that we hide it, that matters so much. No man is entirely good, any more than he is entirely bad.

The fact that matters is that we are pharisaical humbugs about it.

HUMBUG EVERYWHERE.

The universality of humbug is appalling. It is to be seen in the current creed that success is the outcome of sharpness. The honest man is looked upon as a poor fool. The clever man of business rubs his hands together gleefully when brought in contact with him.

Henry Seton Merriman, the novelist, a far from cynical man, was forced to the cynical statement that if you want to deceive with thoroughness you should speak the truth. His meaning was that we are all such liars that Truth baffles us.

Unpleasant though the opinion may be, it is, nevertheless, no distortion of fact. The reason is not that we are intrinsically dishonest, but that the conditions of contemporary life are inimical to straightforward speech and dealing.

Commercial civilisation would make liars of us all.

In his heart of hearts a man, particularly a young man, revolts against it.

He resents having his spirit of independence stultified, his outlook narrowed, his impulses confined and smothered.

HIDDEN POWERS.

He feels that among the things hidden within him are powers which, if he can but find the chance to use them, will lift him high out of the rut where circumstances would have him stick.

This resentment has grown strong of late, so strong that it is expressing itself in no half-hearted way.

The popularity of Territorialism is one evidence of it. Men find in that some satisfaction of their insistent demands for freedom and physical robustness.

I believe that we are on the threshold of vast changes. I believe that the nature of man is striving to escape from the toils that he himself has wound about him.

Like the tides, humanity is never still. It flows onwards, or ebbs. Pessimists would have it that the tide of progress has reached high-water mark, and is receding.

If the things hidden within the breasts of Britishers, such things as determination, ambition, and honesty, be brought into the light of day and used as weapons of conflict, the pessimists will be scattered to the wind like chaff.

For pessimism is the first retreat of the spiritless.

A. G. STORM.

Just a line to remind you that the third page of our cover is specially interesting this week—interesting for you to read, and profitable if you care to use it.

It is by no means uncommon for advertisers on that page to have over a hundred replies.

Advertise something good, at a fair price. Your advertisement need not cost more than a shilling.

SPORT AT SUNSET.

THE BEST PART OF THE DAY.

There is no hour of an autumn day more attractive to the sportsman than that round about sunset, just before and just after.

There is at this alluring time no need for haste. The day has gone for good; its plans may, or may not, have gone well; the birds may have been scarce and have risen badly; the horse may have had a troublesome mood; the cycle may have run smoothly or uncomfortably—all this is over for the day, and the sportsman realises that there is yet time for a full hour's enjoyment, possibly two hours.

The sun is near enough to the woodlands in the West to have lost his clear complexion of the day, and is plainly about to disappear. The teams have left the fields, for the corn is carried and the ploughing has not yet started; the echo of the great shoot has died away, and the creatures of the wild are undisturbed by beaters.

At the lower end of the farm the trout are feeding busily, but not a single angler is casting from the bank or sitting patiently watching his float for coarser fish.

Then the call is too strong for the sportsman. The hour is ideal. He will take the gun, put just a few cartridges in each pocket, and saunter round the hedges and over the tracks that the harvest carts have left.

The moment that he takes up the gun his dog is on the alert. But he is doomed to disappointment; for this is no hour for the hustling spaniel to be set to work. The quiet of the fields and hedges is too enjoyable to be disturbed so thoroughly as a hard-working dog can disturb them.

It is the solitary hour, and if the sportsman really thought the matter out, he would admit that it was not so much the desire to shoot that was drawing him out as the strange fascination of the evening calm.

And so the dog is bidden to lie down and the man goes off alone.

If there should be no sport going he will do nothing to force it. Still, it is probable that there will be, for at this hour at least the rabbits will be abroad, already beginning their evening feeding.

There is a golden light over the land. Slanting rays sweep between the trees across the stubbles, giving a sheen to the barest field. The first red and brown leaves of autumn are made luminous in their decay, and in patches along the hawthorn hedges and in the bramble masses that have spread across the ditch, the harvest of berries glows with rich colour and ripeness.

Cautiously, and at an easy pace, the sportsman follows the hedges. Though he cannot see through the tangle of growth, he knows that they are tunnelled everywhere with roomy rabbit burrows, and he watches the field with a keen eye.

At this hour he knows that the rabbits will be sitting out some yards from the hedge, with one eye on the little clean-cut opening in the undergrowth, and the other divided between the grass and other tasty herbage and the corner of the field where the gate stands.

For they know from much experience that that is the danger point. It is round that corner that the man with the gun appears so suddenly.

But this time they reckoned too certainly, for the man with the gun, having found an opening in the hedge through which he can watch the field on the other side, picks out his rabbit and bowls it over.

In an instant every pair of ears is on the alert; every rabbit crouches for a second, and then, in desperate fright scuttles towards the hedge.

But again the gun speaks and a second rabbit fails to reach the cover.

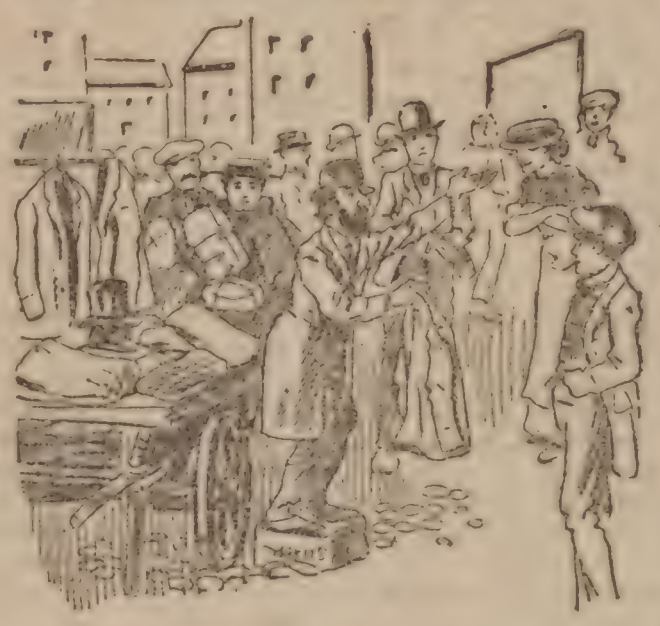
The report of the shots has proved too much for the dog, who comes bounding across the fields, wagging his stumpy tail in a supreme effort to ingratiate himself with his master, knowing that he is disobeying orders.

There is nothing to be gained by sending him home, and man and dog saunter on until dusk, circling the farmlands and ending within easy reach of the house.

C. EASTON-GREY.

Where Men Foregather

XXXVII. THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.



In one of the most gloomy and cheerless districts of North London, near the Caledonian Road, and within sight of the fortress-like pile of Holloway Gaol, is a great open space with a clock-tower in the middle and an erection like a railway terminus at one end.

With hard cobble-stones underfoot, it is divided by posts and iron railings into pens and alleys. Here every Friday is held one of the most extraordinary markets that London can produce.

It is ostensibly a cattle market, but on a Friday the only live stock that appear to be for sale are ponies, costers' donkeys, and poultry. They occupy but a corner of the space. The rest is filled with the quaintest collection of rubbish and humanity that you can imagine.

They are a rough lot, the men who frequent the Caledonian Market, who bring their weird collections of scrap-iron or old harness, or what not, and set them out on the ground once a week, or who hang around on the chance of picking up an odd job or a cheap bargain.

Yet, rough diamonds though they are, and vile as their language often is, they are not bad fellows at heart.

I once saw a little incident which brought this home to me particularly. It was a windy, wet, and blustering day, and on the top of the little hill that leads to the market it was almost strong enough to lift a man off his feet.

AN INCIDENT.

Round the entrance to a public-house, and supporting its walls with their burly forms, were several rough-looking customers, who looked as if they would cut your throat for a comparatively small honorarium.

A young man passed by who looked out of place in that part of the world; he was what the pub. supporters would have called a toff. Perhaps he had snatched the opportunity that the luncheon hour afforded to rush up by the Tube to the Market, on the chance of picking up some bargain or other.

As he passed the door, his umbrella, in spite of vigorous efforts to hold it steady in the wind, blew inside out.

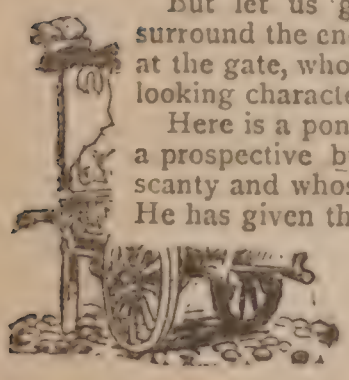
There is always something irresistibly funny in an umbrella that blows inside out, and I expected to hear a roar of laughter from the onlookers.

"Turn it the other w'y, guv'nor," shouted a cheery voice; "turn its 'ead to the wind."

GOOD SORTS.

That was all, and though that umbrella turned itself inside out a second time before it was finally subdued, there was scarcely a smile—at any rate, not one of derision or jealousy—among all those who were looking on. And yet many of them came from the worst slums in London, and many more had no home at all to go to when the Market closed at night.

But let us go inside the iron railings that surround the enclosure, past the minion of the law at the gate, who scrutinises the many suspicious-looking characters as they go in or out.



Here is a pony being trotted up and down before a prospective buyer by a small boy whose attire is scanty and whose boots are almost devoid of soles. He has given the rope of the halter a twist round the tongue and lower jaw of the pony, and the poor brute's mouth is almost jerked to bits at every step.

The little devil knows no better. He has been treated with similar cruelty since he was a tiny kid, and he is only getting some of his own back.

Near by is a row of donkeys, looking intensely weary of life and waiting for some proud possessor of a barrow to ask to see them treated in the same manner.

Here is a crowd gathered round a barrow piled high with crates of cackling poultry. Perched on the top is an individual with a battered face and a twinkle in his eye—there is only one really visible. He is conducting a sort of Dutch auction, and seems to be in a desperate hurry.

"Nar, then," he shouts, plunging his hand into a crate and bringing out a couple of live fowls by the legs, "'oo wants a nice pair o' chickens? Got somethink on 'em, too, they 'ave. Come on! Who says four 'og! Three-'n-'arf? Blimy, it's givin' 'em away. Three 'og? Don't yer *want* no chickens, none of yer? I got ter git rid of 'em. Master says I ain't got ter bring none back. 'Arf a crown, then. Nobody say 'arf a crown?"

A DUTCH AUCTION.

"Two shillings," says a voice from the front of the crowd.

"Give us yer bloomin' money," says the voluble huckster on the barrow, handing over the two struggling roosters. "Just you fix it up with the clurk 'ere," pointing to a boy who is making a laboricus entry with a pencil on a bit of paper, "while I git rid of these beauties."

And the same process is gone through again, with an occasional sparkle of native wit from the "auctioneer," down to the inevitable formula of acceptance, "Give us yer bloomin' money"—only "blooming" is not always the word used.

We pass on to a strange array of "stalls," where the most extraordinary collections of bric-à-brac are set out upon the ground—old iron, broken-down chairs and furniture, old harness and ornaments, battered teapots and curios.

There was a time when the connoisseur could pick up a bargain or two at the Caledonian Market, but that is all past now. There are few things of any genuine value to be found, and they have usually been brought there, and often made dull and dirty for the occasion, by a smart dealer who hopes to gull the unwary purchaser into thinking he is getting something cheap.

THE STALLS.

Further on, beneath the "railway station" roof, are the more aristocratic stalls. Here old clothes and boots are the principal merchandise, and at intervals there is some cheapjack's stall where brushes, or "toilet requisites," or walking-sticks and canes are for sale at prices little short of marvellous.

Now and then there is a brief interlude while two adjacent stall-holders fall out over some trifle or other. They tell each other in no measured terms exactly what they think about it all. There is no mincing of words. It is all straight enough, though some of the remarks may not be exactly to the point.

But the crowd that gathers round is rarely rewarded with anything more than words—the vocabulary of the antagonists is usually fully sufficient without resorting to blows—and so they return peacefully to their own pitches to hobnob with each other and court the custom of the casual passer-by with:

"'Ere y' are, sir. Any price yer like!"

PETER GILCHRIST.

HIS WAY OUT.

A HUMAN SKETCH.

They had been to a theatre and had supped fashionable restaurant, and now he was go back with her to her flat.

It was a very usual programme—theatre, su and the rest—and the woman was not at uneasy, although she knew that the bonds slackening, that her spells were daily getting powerful.

They looked at one another across the table in the softly shaded alcove.

He looked bored to death, and was not t the faintest trouble to hide it. The artificiality her make-up struck him forcibly to-night.

The selfish self-indulgence which was dominant expression of his face was plainly vis to the woman seated opposite.

"And he was so rich!" she muttered to hers

She would have a period of hideous economy bridge over between this lover and the next.

But she did not realise that that period was close at hand. He had been sullenly silent the performance of the problem play, and his c versation during their expensive little supper been fitful—but the woman had enjoyed herse

The man glanced carelessly at the bill, and p it as indifferently.

But the woman's eyes glittered again He was so rich, and yet the end of his would come sooner or later for her.

She bit her full red lips savagely, forgetting paint, and the taste was bitter and acrid.

"Shall we be going?" he asked.

She nodded, pulling up the cloak shoulders—the shoulders that were prob best point—but the man only saw the powd

Then she drew on her gloves and gave a fa her brown tresses, and re-pinned her hat, tilting afresh to a more becoming angle, to all of wh he was indifferent.

The fires of his passion for this woman were ashes, not one red ember glowed now the conflagration that had been. She made sick, he said to himself. He was tired of whole thing; this should be the end.

The big blue eyes of the woman stared What was he thinking of?

And because she had had so many experiences, her heart told her—though hour nor the manner of his going.

Outside the rain was falling; the pavem shone like a mirror in the light of the great lamps.

She glanced at her companion—so did porter.

Why did he not have a taxi called? Or was waiting for a hansom? She remembered he sometimes patronised the horse vehicle.

He did neither. He opened his umbr But she could not walk! She glanced down her satin shoes and openwork stockings, thou of the white plumes in her great hat, and spo

"Why don't you call a cab?"

"Oh! I'm short of cash to-night, Poppy, take a 'bus."

It was a lie, and she knew it! But she silent.

She picked up her scarlet-and-white skirts, they walked to where an omnibus waited.

There was only room for one inside. He he her in, saying he would ride on top.

The other passengers stared at her—at feverish anxiety, which, with all her experie she could not wholly hide.

The conductor came for the fare.

"The gentleman upstairs will pay," she and the man went aloft.

"No gentleman there," was his answer.

"Oh! but I am sure he is."

Scorn and pity were evident on the women's faces and rudeness in the conduc tone. She said she must get off in that cas she had no money!

The 'bus was stopped. Into the pouring she went—to look for the man who had taken that way out.

A. M. STEWART

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

In the Bowels of the Earth

By JOHN G. ROWE.

It was the dinner-hour in the Wortley pit, and the colliers were squatting or standing around the stall, listening to the harangue of one of their number, perched on a heap of chocks and props.

"Men, you're being fooled!" he exclaimed, thumping his left palm with his clenched right fist. "The Territorials are not wanted. It's the thin end of the wedge, I tell you, to bring about conscription and make soldiers of every man of us."

"Then you'd have nothing to fear," remarked one of his audience, kindly and sympathetically.

"What do you mean by that, Harrison?"

"Why, you don't call yourself a man, surely, Evals?"

The would-be orator turned white, and those listening began to grin.

"As I was saying just now," he resumed, "when forced to digress from my subject ——"

"My, what a word, he must ha' swallered the dictionary! Some 'un run for a doctor for him."

The laughter that greeted this mild jest did not improve the rising temper of Hepsibah Evals.

"There's only one way of preventing conscription coming to pass," he went on.

"Coming to go, you mean," said somebody.

"And that is by helping the Socialists on the Continent as much as lies in our power—with our money and our moral support—to strike a blow against all religions and all Governments. I——"

"What are you giving us, old sport—Anarchism?"

"What good is religion to any man?" went on Evals, ignoring the question. "No good at all."

And with that he started on a violent and impetuous tirade against Christianity, the Almighty, and all belief in the hereafter, or anything else.

Big Saunders strode forward and clapped a hand on his shoulder.

"That's enough," he said. "Shut up, if you're wise."

Evals wrenched himself free of the other's grip, and shouted something still more blasphemous.

Saunders drew back his clenched fist, then paused, and, turning to the others, put a question.

"Look here, you boys,' he said. "Are we to let this b—— fool insult God Almighty and all that's good in the world like this—instil such poison as he's tryin' to do in the breasts of the young lads here? Let's duck him in the sump, the dirty skunk!"

"Right you are, Jack. That's the cure for the likes o' him. Lay hold on him, mates, and duck him in the sump!"

A dozen of them surged forward, and, in spite of Evals' frenzied efforts to escape, and his furious curses of the law he had been denouncing, he was overpowered, trussed up hand and foot, and a handkerchief was tied over his mouth. Then they bore him to the shaft, which was close by.

Strong beams of timber, bolted together, formed a false bottom or scaffolding over the water that always collects in the bottom of a shaft and is pumped out by the engine at the pit-head.

"Tie him inside the hoppit!"

Evals was forced, doubled-up, inside the great iron bucket, which was then hooked on to a chain dangling from the small derrick. Out over the open scaffolding the crane with its pendant bucket and human contents was then swung, and with a couple and a plunge down went the victim.

The miners leant over the well and flashed their lights upon the water below.

Splash! The bucket sent the water spouting on every side, drenching the spectators as well as their prisoner.

"Up with it now, boys! He's been well served, and I do hope it will be a lesson to him."

The chain was wound in again.

"I curse you all!" howled the victim, spluttering with rage, fear and the foul water he had perforce swallowed, as well as the icy coldness of his bath. "I'll pay you all for this, you pigs. I'll make you regret it and bitterly, I can tell you. Just see if I don't."

But they only laughed the more at the woeful figure he cut, with his clothing, face and hair all streaming with water, which did not smell of the sweetest.

As they cut him loose the whistle sounded, and they went off with mocking banter that made him grit his chattering teeth.

"By thunder, but I'll make them smart," he said, "if I've got to wait years to do it."

He did not go back to his work. Bubbling over still with blasphemous imprecations and impotent threats against his late tormentors he went up to "bank" in the next cage, and, amid the chaff and jeers of all who saw him, hurried home.

"I wish I could bring off a fall of stone on some of them, or an explosion of firedamp," he confided to himself, as he changed his wet things. "But I don't see how I can manage it with safety to myself."

And then he suddenly smacked his thigh and chuckled over an idea that had occurred to him.

"Of course, there will be water in the old workings," he mused. "They are sure to be filled with water. If I altered the direction of the line of posts the men in the new workings would go on digging without suspicion that they were approaching the old mine until they broke into it. The water would pour through, and whoever might escape in the middle level Jack Saunders and the rest of them in the lower seam certainly wouldn't have a ghost of a chance. They'd be drowned like the rats they are in a proper trap."

About five o'clock he went back to the pit, and asked the engineman to let him down in the cage to fetch his food-basket and can in the lower level.

There were three levels or seams in the pit, and all three were being worked simultaneously. In the middle seam a particularly rich vein had been struck and was the one principally worked.

When the cage stopped at the first level, to unload one of the empty trucks or corves upon it, Evals stepped off.

"I want to see Cook the overman," he said to the onsetters, and went off up the dip.

Half way along this was a sloping passage called a "dook," communicating with the middle level. Making his way down it, he gained the new workings in the middle seam.

The management knew that at this part it was approaching the old abandoned mine next door, and so a line of posts had been set up in the middle of the boring drift to guide the miners so that they would gradually work away again from the danger-point.

Before Evals had advanced far from the dook, the whistle for knocking off work sounded.

He slipped into a little thirling, or connecting gallery, between two roads, where he crouched against the coalface, watching the men and boys pass by towards the shaft.

When he was satisfied all had left that part of the mine, he stepped out of his hiding place and hurried to the end of the new workings. Here he had to stoop double, and presently crawl along on his hands and knees, flashing his lamp before him.

"I've managed it fine," he said with genuine pleasure. "Here are the posts. Now to alter their alignment."

The indicating posts had little flags attached to them, and they did not help to support the roof like the props around. They did not touch the roof, and so might easily be removed and placed in a different position.

Evals dug round the last post with his knife; then, wrenching it out, he stood it a couple of feet nearer to the wall next the old mine.

Filling up the hole, and brushing some dust over to hide completely all traces of his work, he next set the second post a foot nearer the same wall, and then altered the position of the third one, so as to make the line of the four correct again, although at a sharp angle with their old direction.

It did not take him long, from first to last; and, satisfying himself by another squint along the posts that they were quite in line, he caught up his lamp and returned to the upper level, out of which, as he knew, the men were always taken last.

He found some of the hands still awaiting their turn in the cages at the shaft, and he breathed freely.

On the following morning Evals went to the under-manager.

"If you please, sir," he said, "I should be glad if you could put me to work in the upper level to-day. I can't get on with several of my mates in the lower seam. I don't want to mention names, Mr. Richards, but there's quite a gang of 'em has made a dead set agen me."

"All right! You can change to the upper seam. No doubt Mr. Cook will find you a place."

That day Evals knew nothing was likely to occur, for something like forty yards of coal had to be cut through before the old workings would be reached. The next day also went by uneventfully.

On the third day, however, Evals was all eager, but suppressed, excitement.

As the morning dragged on, he frequently ceased work on some pretext or another to listen, believing he heard an alarm, and, with a muttered curse at the disappointment, would strike his pick viciously into the coal as he resumed his toil.

Even as he cut the coal he was listening with all his ears for the thunderous noise below which would tell him that the waters had broken in.

He reflected with satisfaction that he would be safe; the flood must first fill the two lower levels.

All at once it came—a dull, incessant roar.

"What's that?" Evals shouted. "It sounds like water. There's something wrong, mates. I'm off to the shaft."

The alarm whistle sounded almost immediately after. Evals was among the first to reach the shaft and leap into a waiting cage. Up to the "bank" he shot.

"What's the matter? What's happened?" he demanded of those beside him.

"It's the old mine broken in. Every chap in the lower level's doomed—as good as drowned already," one of them, who had been in the middle seam, answered him.

Evals remained at the pit-brow with those who had escaped with him.

More and more of their comrades kept coming up in the cages. Suddenly a ringing cry of "Thank God!" went up from the circle at the shaft-gates.

"What's the matter? What's the news?" demanded Evals, anxiously rushing forward.

"The water's stopped flowing in. It's reached its level already—thanks be!—and the lower seam isn't flooded more than a foot deep."

A moment later the cage brought up Big Saunders, but Evals was not there to welcome him.

"Somebody's been up to tricks," said Saunders.

And the suggestion was, somehow or another, connected at once with the fact that Evals had gone home.

They went to pay him their compliments, but a crowd moves slowly, and when they reached his house they discovered that it was empty.

It has not been tenanted since—by Evals.

MY FIRST GEE.

"There's his hoof upon the table, there's his hide upon the chair."

"My dear chap, he's a clipper and no mistake," was the verdict of my chums.

And he was—as handsome a dappled grey as ever was foaled, with plenty of bone and plenty of spirit, and—well, we were "matched for a pair" as regards the latter quality, The Sparhawk and I.

How did I get him?

I had been staying over in Ireland, and there were big racing stables near to my pal's place, and The Sparhawk had been thrown out. He was not fast enough for his owner, but a deuced sight too fast for most lads.

I liked him the first time I clapped eyes on him, and I mortgaged some of my "expectations" to raise the wind that should blow him my way.

That's how I got The Sparhawk, the first gee and the best I ever owned.

There's as much grey in my hair now as there was in his coat, and it makes me feel a bit aged as I look at his photo over the chimney-piece and his relics yonder.

But Jove! we had some fine times together, and I've got some rich memories that I wouldn't part with, though the best bit of horseflesh that ever came from old Ireland has gone into the Unknown.

Faith, it makes a chap think and wonder if when his turn comes he'll find the old horse waiting for him up aloft!

There was Jack O'Flynn, of the Guards, and that handsome bay mare of his. Well, he laid a wager that Milady would beat The Sparhawk. Jack didn't overrate the mare, but he did underrate The Sparhawk.

But The Sparhawk wasn't sired by Red Flame for nothing, and I knew he'd lick her. Milady was a flyer, but she hadn't the "stay" in her that my mount had.

And I was right, as I knew I should be. Jack lost.

The mare took her fences like a bird, but the ground in the last couple of miles was heavy going, and The Sparhawk won in a canter.

He ran in another sort of race altogether, did The Sparhawk.

I hadn't a wager on then, unless it was with the "Rider on the Pale White Horse."

The weather had been awful, and that part of the country where I lived was subject to floods periodically.

I had been lunching with some friends in a town several miles away from home.

"Take care, my boy, the river is rising," had been the paternal send-off; but I had not troubled, and when I started back in the afternoon nothing was farther from my thoughts than a possible overflowing of the river's banks.

Half-way home I had a shock. The river had risen; unless I could reach the bridge in an incredibly short time the waters would win.

I leaned over and patted The Sparhawk; he was carrying his master's life and his own, that ride.

And we did ride, I can tell you.

Meanwhile the river rose steadily, and then came an ominous cracking and roaring afar off—the great reservoir, I thought, and shivered!

If that burst before the bridge was crossed and the steep hill gained we were doomed, The Sparhawk and I.

Faster yet we flew, until only the Rider on the Pale White Horse could have overtaken us, and we out-distanced him.

The Sparhawk raced as if he knew his life and mine depended upon it.

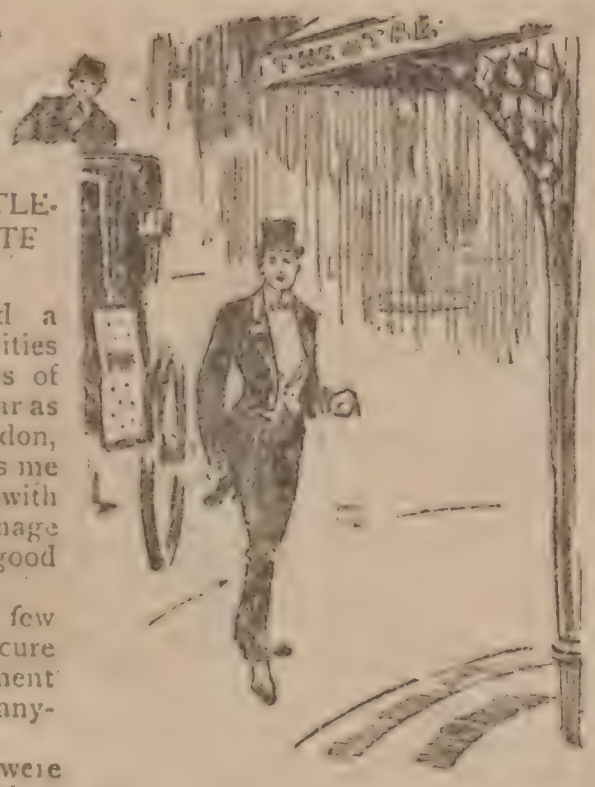
When we gained the bridge the water was up to the railings and over them. We splashed through and up the steep incline, on whose summit comparative safety lay.

Then the dam burst with a terrific roar; the bridge fell before the sweep of waters, but The Sparhawk and I were safe.

Here's his health, gentlemen, my first gee and the clipper who always comes first.

G. D. RAWLINS.

ON THE CHEAP.



HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN ON A MODERATE EXPENDITURE.

As a young man and a journalist, I have opportunities of observing many aspects of masculine life, at least so far as they are evidenced in London, and one thing that strikes me particularly is the ease with which some people manage to have what they call a good time—on the cheap.

I know more than a few brother journalists who secure an evening's entertainment without its costing them anything at all.

If I said that they were deadheads, I should be giving you an entirely wrong impression. One imagines the deadhead to be a down-at-heel person who creeps up to the pigeon-hole of the pay-box at a theatre, shows a card on which is inscribed "Assistant Sub-Editor of 'Snippity Bits,'" and waits meekly and fearfully while the card is referred to the manager.

THE OLD METHOD—

When this magnificent personage looms upon the horizon in all the glory of his evening dress, scans the deadhead up and down, and finally, and with ill-concealed reluctance, admits that he can give him a seat, the deadhead may be supposed to shrivel an inch or two in height and humbly to follow to the dress circle or the stalls a stalwart lackey who has overheard enough of the conversation to taint his haughty expression with contempt.

On arriving at his seat, the old-fashioned deadhead tries to forget that he is wearing a lounge suit when almost everybody else is in evening dress, and seeks to take an intense interest in the play in order to relieve himself of the discomfort that the consciousness of his incongruity with his surroundings drives home to him.

That may be regarded as a fairly faithful portrayal of the behaviour of a deadhead of the old-fashioned type, but the dashing deadhead of these days submits himself to no such humiliation.

He writes in advance to the manager of a theatre where there is being staged a play that has gone none too well, and he asks him whether he can supply him with a couple of seats on a given date.

—AND THE NEW.

He is generous in this matter, and usually gives an alternative date in the event of his first one not suiting the convenience of the manager in question.

His selection is well made, and almost invariably he receives the reply that a couple of seats will be reserved for him on the evening in question, and that he will be shown to them on presenting this letter at the pay-box.

It must not be supposed that the modern deadhead is always a journalist. There are many others who keep in touch with matters theatrical, and who write similarly on good notepaper to managers who may require to have their houses "dressed"—that is to say, who desire to delude the public and the Press that the play is being well patronised.

In fact, so frequent are these requests and so often are they granted that the letter often sent out by theatrical managers in response to them is printed in type imitating handwriting, and only the name of the applicant is filled up in ink.

Armed with such a letter, the man who takes his pleasures on the cheap is assured that there will be no waiting at the door, and that he may take his place in the auditorium with as much confidence and dignity as an ordinary member of the public who has paid for his seat. He may even invite a lady to accompany him without her knowing that the tickets have not been paid for.

Remember that he does the thing in style. He does not disgrace himself or the management by turning up to dress part of the house without being in evening dress. He may even run to the luxury of a hansom—for the first part of the journey at least—but he does not forget to give a tip to the keeper of the cloak-room, nor does he stint the purchase of a programme.

I could name several men who lead what might be called an innocent life on such terms. They see a few plays that they have not seen, except those which have been big successes, and in connection with which the list is entirely suspect.

I do not know that there is much to be said against their method of enjoying themselves except the element of pretence which it induces them to lead others to suppose that they are paying for their amusement. I have yet to meet the modern deadhead who confesses his method of theatre attendance until you have drawn him up on the matter.

Men of this type are also given to dining at a fashionable restaurant, or to supping at one when the play is over. There they will meet many celebrities, and possibly they may obtain an introduction to one or another; in any case they will allude to their dining there at some time or another casually in their conversation with friends.

LIVING THE LIFE.

Anyone who knows London life, however, is not as a rule deceived in this matter, for he usually finds that the restaurants selected are those where one does not necessarily pay high prices for a meal, but may have a modest steak or chop, and that is generally the extent to which the man on the cheap allows himself to go.

The devotee of this type of life has, of course, to dress the part. In very many cases his requirements are met by second-hand clothiers, and his taste is, as a rule, sufficient to ensure that they turn him out properly and that they do not palm off upon him a garment of last year's creation as the very latest thing.

There is a certain amount of glamour about the man who indulges in these forms of amusement. He plays the part of the gentleman on the income of the clerk, and others who spend more than he at times envy his acumen in discovering the secret of living in a lordly manner on so little. A second thought suggests that there is something shoddy about it.

THE TRUE ENGLISHMAN.

Our national representative is generally pictured as an eighteenth-century agriculturist in a low-crowned hat, top-boots, and so forth. This, of course, is a convention, but we may take it as typical of the best that our nation can produce—the Devonshire farmer of to-day—a sturdy man of the backbone, fond of the good things of the earth, simple-minded, sincere, honest to a detail. He is the sort of man that we like to think of when we think of an Englishman.

Would he attend a theatre as a deadhead? Would he attend it dressed in a suit that was made for someone else, and bought because it did not fit that someone?

I think not.

Back-doors to gentility or magnificence are unknown to him, and if you suggested such a course to him as possible he would flout the idea, for he believes in paying for what he has.

The modern deadhead does not. His principles of life are different, and I, for one, know which I consider to be the better.

C. WARD LAW.

Some Wrestling Holds and Throws.

Some men devote their time to stand-up wrestling, others practise mainly ground holds and throws; the active man will try to become equally proficient on his feet and when down on the mat

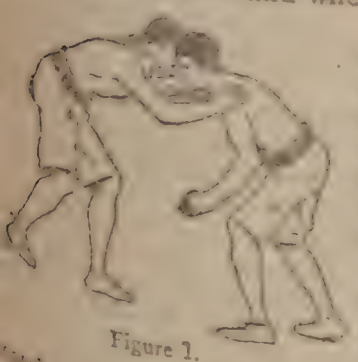


Figure 1.

Nevertheless, wrestling holds and throws naturally divide themselves into the standing and ground varieties and we will take them in that order.

First of all, a word as to Cumberland and Westmoreland throws, which many catch-as-can wrestlers neglect, to their ultimate chagrin and almost ludicrous discomfiture.

The simplest of all throws is the back-heel, which is the "fool's mate" of wrestling.

To execute it, your right leg goes behind your opponent's left, or *vice-versa*, while at the same moment you pull him over, adding your weight to your arm.

Figure 2.

To counter a back-heel, lower your grip, bend your knees, throw your weight forward and prevent the leg from moving away from you.

Another thing you should do is to twine your foot round your opponent's leg and pull him backwards.

The hype is a very good standing throw, and the time to use it is when you have both got a firm waist hold.

As your man quickly, turn him by forcing your knee against the inside of his thigh, and then lift him as high as you can before finally throwing him.

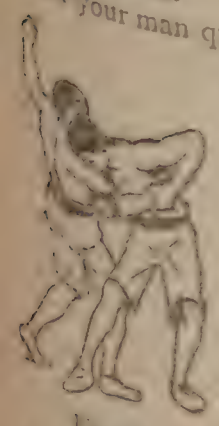


Figure 3.

Mention of waist-holds brings us to the general question of taking hold.

Figure 1 shows a good standard position, in which you are well placed for either attack or defence.

If you are after a waist-hold loosen your grip, and press your forearm against the other man's chin before going for him, otherwise you may find yourself neatly and effectively countered as in figure 2.

Variations of the back-heel will often take even an experienced wrestler by surprise if applied when looking for holds.

Coming in sideways, take a firm grip of your adversary's right wrist and above the elbow back-heel him, as shown in figure 3, over your right leg, or pass his left arm and pull him over your left leg.

This is a very difficult throw to counter when made quickly, and its very simplicity makes it all the more effective.

Another standing throw that the great majority of wrestlers is particularly fond of is known as the "halch" or head throw, which rather resembles the buttock throw.

To execute it, turn in quickly from any standing position, throw

Figure 4.

your hands round your opponent's head, and, bending well forward, pull him clean over your shoulders, as shown in figure 4.

Don't, however, try this manœuvre if you are a ten-stone man and your adversary a fourteen "stunner."

The half-nelson is the hold most used in ground-work, and is a neck-hold formed by slipping the left arm under opponent's left arm, encircling and bearing hard down on his neck.

It is a pretty deadly hold, but may be effectively countered by gripping the encircling arm between your own arm and side and rolling over backwards, bringing the other man under you.

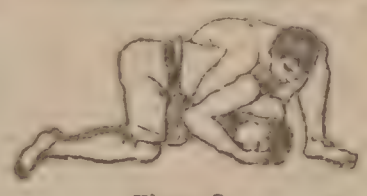


Figure 5.

The further half-nelson, shown in figure 5 is a good variation of the original hold. It may be countered by gripping the adversary's ankle.

Whenever possible, the half-nelson should be assisted by some other hold. Figure 6 shows a half-nelson in combination with a foothold. This is a very useful attack when an opponent has gone on his face, and is staying there for safety.

As a rule, however, when a man is determined to play "safe," your best plan is to rise and start again, instead of wearing yourself out in unavailing efforts to turn him over.

But if you can trap his foot, at the same time applying the half-nelson as described, he may suddenly find that he was not nearly so safe as he had imagined.

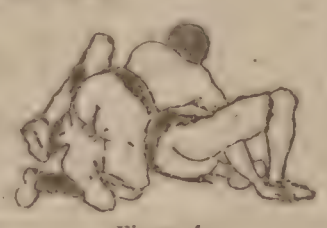


Figure 6.

Mr. Ernest Gruhn, the late amateur champion of England, has a patent hold of his own, which is executed as follows: Trap your opponent's head and right shoulder while attacking from the left side, gripping your hands in front of his face, and at the same time pretending to force him over on his right shoulder. (See Figure 7.)

To guard himself, he must extend his right leg, when you loose your grip, and throwing your right arm under his extended leg, again clasp your hands and pull him over. Humanely speaking, he has no option but to come over and admit defeat.

Figure 7.

Figure 8 shows a very effective half-nelson and leg-hold.

What with being pressed over from above and pulled in from underneath the under man is fairly cornered, and has mighty little chance of esape.

In ground wrestling, unlike standing wrestling, under holds are always more easily secured than over holds, and in combination with a half-nelson are not easily countered.

The principles of ju-jitsu enter largely into wrestling, and a skilful wrestler by pretending to yield to his adversary will make him throw himself in the end, thus saving a lot of trouble and exertion.

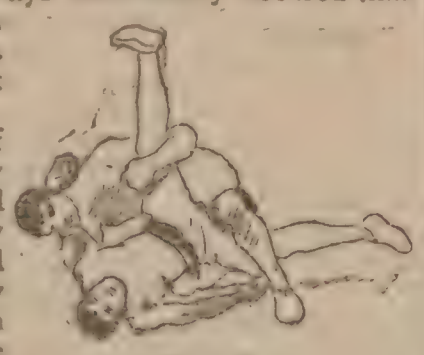


Figure 8.

At this season of the year I hope to see wrestling become popular once again. There is no finer exercise, both for the muscles and the health, but it is decidedly not a sport for the man of poor physique.

HENRY THARP.

WOOD-CARVING.

A HOBBY FOR THE HANDY MAN.

Wood-carving can be recommended as a hobby to those whose purses are not too well-lined and whose leisure is limited.

A man with artistic taste and deft fingers can find plenty of scope for his talents in this direction, and can, after a little experience, turn out articles either useful or ornamental as his fancy dictates.

It is as well when first taking up wood carving not to allow ambition to outrun discretion; in other words, not to attempt to tackle subjects on an elaborate or very minute scale.

If the matter first tackled is too intricate, disappointment and disillusionment will quickly follow, and the tyro will give up the hobby in despair, blaming the tools or the wood or the model, in fact everything but his high-vaulting ambition, which in this instance has o'er-reached itself.

All the tools necessary for a beginner can be bought for a few shillings; and woods, of which there is a large variety, can also be purchased cheaply. The more expensive kinds should be left alone until experience has guided the fingers in the work of cutting.

Tools for carving may be bought singly, or a set can be obtained, but whichever is preferred let the quality be of the best.

As to the number of tools required, about a dozen will be enough to start with, and these should consist of flat gouges of varying sizes, chisels, what is called a V tool, a small mallet, and an oilstone.

There is one thing that must not be lost sight of, and that is that the tools for wood-carving must be as sharp as it is possible to get them, and that they must be kept so. Nothing can be done with blunt-edged tools.

A good strong table is indispensable, and it must be firm on its legs. No one who has tried to carve on a ricketty table is ever likely to forget the experience.

In addition, a vice must be obtained with which to hold the wood. Any ordinary vice which can be fixed on the table will answer the purpose; or, if the novice chooses, he may get what is called a wood-carver's "holdfast."

The choice of wood depends to a certain extent on the nature of the carvings.

Satin walnut is easy to cut, and takes a lovely polish. Oak combines both strength and beauty, but is not so easy for a beginner, owing to its being a hard wood.

Birch, holly, chestnut, plane, and mahogany are all much used.

Then there is pine, and it has much in its favour; the only thing against it is that it is so cheap as to be regarded as common; but it is easy and pleasant to work with, and as such can be recommended to the novice, at any rate for him to try his 'prentice hand upon.

Now to come to the actual work of carving.

The design can be either drawn or traced, according to the skill of the amateur, and can be either original or copied, or a book of designs can be bought.

Having fixed the design on the wood, cut in the outlines with the V tool if quite competent to use it, or with the other tools held in the left hand and knocked into the wood with the mallet. Then cut away the waste wood with a gouge.

The raised flat is now ready for actual carving.

It is important, whenever possible, to work with the grain of the wood, and to avoid cutting across it. The hollowing out should always be done in this way, and when it is completed, the sunken background is usually finished with a punch which covers it with small holes.

If foliage and berries have been chosen for a panel, they will require careful workmanship.

Handles for paper-knives give great scope for artistic work, as also do photo frames.

In fact, there is no end to the pretty trifles which the amateur may turn out.

Mention has not been made of elaborate cabinet work, as that really necessitates a thorough knowledge of carpentry.

G. STEDMAN.

BROWN DISCOURSES ON LANDLADIES.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A TRAVELLER.

Brown s had a good deal of experience. He is a gentleman of the road, you see!

"Landladies?" he says over a friendly glass, "I should just think I could spin you a few yarns, for I've 'had some.'

"There was one I dubbed the Mad Cat of Portington Street (you needn't look up a street guide, for you won't find it—nor her, for she has gone where the owners of celestial mansions don't 'let,' and there are neither lodgers nor landladies, and where Grimalkin ceases from annexing cold shoulders of mutton and three-quarter-full bottles of whisky).

"She had 'seen better days.' I think she meant married ones, but I am not sure.

"She had pieces of paper stuck up everywhere. Outside the front door was the legend, 'Wipe your feet ere entering.'

"In the bathroom were many written instructions, and these varied from day to day like the Collect: 'Turn the water on, and shut the window. Empty the bath, and open the window on quitting.'

"Sometimes when I returned in the dusk there would be a card on the hall-table: 'Have gone to bed. Kindly lock door and turn out gas.'

"And after I had fulfilled these commands she would meet me at the head of the stairs and inquire if I had done so!

"Another time I purposed having a bath. There was a fresh piece of paper stuck up on the wall, but I undressed and got in. It's a mercy I ever managed to get out.

"She'd been varnishing the inside of that bath and it wasn't dry. I contemplated sitting there waiting for the Last Trump to sound and unfasten me.

"She had a perfect mania for painting and whitewashing.

"I rescued her once from a perilous position. She was hanging out of the window of a two-pair back and making dabs with a whitewash brush at the opposite wall, and but for my presence of mind she would have gone aloft through falling into a paved yard.

"Then there was an aged woman who kept a big apartment house, and who talked about 'the angel face' of the parson who occupied the drawing-room floor.

"He turned out to be a bogus one, however, and left in her debt, and then she saw a resemblance to the powers of darkness, though she did not put it so poetically.

"She was given to hiding herself in a forest of common ferns (given her in exchange for the lodgers' cast-offs) and partaking of the glass that inebriates.

"She was a solitary soaker, but sometimes she would emerge, when the household was wrapped in slumber, and would go from door to door inquiring 'Are you there?'

"And from all over the house would come answers more or less sleepy and irritable, from the simple 'Yes' to a blankety, blankety affirmative.

"On one occasion she was not content with the simple inquiry. She singled one lodger out for a more persistent disturbance.

"Having been assured that he was in, she went away.

"She returned half an hour afterwards and knocked at his door.

"'I want the coal-scuttle.'

"'What, at this time of night?' came a roar. 'I'm in bed.'

"Another knock, and the same demand.

"A violent noise as of some iron utensil precipitated into the passage to the accompaniment of much lurid language, and a door slammed with a finality not far removed from the closing of the 'Gates of Brass.'

"Then a voice floated up the stairs as the old hag went down to her own domain.

"'But you didn't say if you were there.'"

SIGISMUND SMITH.

MY NOTEBOOK.

ANOTHER APOLOGY.

Once before I had to ask your indulgence in the matter of being unable to supply your needs. It was when this paper was first started.

I had calculated upon a certain circulation, but I found that orders outstripped it so much that I had to keep the fast rotary printing machines going day and night in order to provide a sufficient issue to meet the demand.

I apologised then to those whom I disappointed, and I apologise now for a fresh miscalculation.

This time it is in the matter of the League badges.

That the League has been so extremely successful is more than gratifying to me.

The piles of letters that arrive daily form a tangible evidence of the fact that the idea has been acceptable to my readers. My only regret is that I did not lay in a larger stock of badges. One can never gauge exactly the demand in a matter like this, and the number that I ordered has fallen very far short of the number of applications.

I am sorry for the delay, and offer my apologies to those who may have become impatient through it.

WHAT IS BEING DONE.

The factory where these badges are being made is now working overtime, and has been doing so for some days past. Immediately on arrival at these offices the badges are dispatched to applicants in the order in which their letters have been received. In every way I am doing all I can to avoid delay, and I hope that you will be patient with me.

All this rush, awkward though it is to deal with, is a gratifying proof of the fact that the League has been a gigantic success. It will, I believe, grow and grow till it is an immense power.

MY OBJECT.

I desire to say here, frankly, once and for all, that I have no desire to enforce upon members my own opinions as founder of the League. I do not for a moment suggest that its members should be influenced by me in political or religious matters.

I am not out for personal aggrandisement, and I make this statement definitely in case you should associate my motives with those of the founder of another league whose name may occur to you.

My sole object is to provide my friends and readers with a badge of membership, and thus enable them to come into communication with one another, so that friendship and correspondence may pass directly between my many thousands of readers instead of coming to me alone.

In this way I am convinced that good comradeship and sportsmanship will be fostered and encouraged, and I think that these two things are worth more than all the politics ever devised or invented

"ORDERS FOR THE WEEK."

A Gloucester correspondent sends me the following cutting. I suppress his name, not only because that is always my principle in regard to correspondence, but also because if I printed it things would probably be made very hot for him in his regiment.

The matter is one which I consider should have fuller publicity than has been given it in the local paper in which it appeared, and I therefore print the cutting in full.

"3rd BATTERY GLOUCESTERSHIRE R.F.A.

"Orders for the week ending October 16th:—Orderly officer, Captain F. H. Hole; orderly sergeant, Sergt. H. V. Gurney. Parades, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday, for recruits and non-efficients, at 7.30 p.m.; gunners, gun drill; drivers, treatment of horses, instruction in harness fitting and knotting. There will be a competition for Corporals, Bombardiers, and Trumpeters in [illegible] fortnight's time for harnessing a pair of hor[illegible] the harness room will be open for practice [illegible] drill night.

"Note: No men are to wear uniform, [illegible] portion thereof, except when on parade; [illegible] disregarding this order will be severely dealt w[illegible]

"(Signed) F. K. S. Metford, Major and [illegible] Lieutenant-Colonel."

My correspondent adds: "I suppose [illegible] means that we are to go to our various [illegible] in plain clothes, with our kit in a bag, and the[illegible] have to change at the drill hall. THE MODERN MAN has always advocated the wearing of uniform as much as possible as an incentive to others to join, and if we have to submit to such regulations as these, all efforts in this direction will be put to an end, and the Territorial Force will be sadly lacking in numbers."

WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

I never heard before of F. K. S. Metford, Major and Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel, and I [illegible] there are comparatively few readers who have, but I venture to assert that his object is to become famous in connection with the Territorial Force he is going the wrong way to work.

I do not know whether his battery is now up, or whether it has been filled since the start of what has been called the "Territorial [illegible]" commenced by the play "An Englishman's Home," and backed up by a London daily paper and myself.

Before that time, practically every Territorial unit in the country was crying loudly for recruits, and I am happy to say that now most of the units are well filled, and nearly all of the [illegible] corps, which I have particularly recommended, are not only full, but have long waiting-lists.

As I say, I do not know to what extent F. K. S. Metford, Major and Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel, is indebted to other journalists and myself for having filled his battery. I do not even know if he has whether it is full up or not. But I will say candidly that I consider he is taking the shortest cut, not only to making the Territorial Force unpopular, but also to making its officers unrespected.

F. K. S. Metford, Major and Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel, I salute you as an officer, but I implore you most strongly to reconsider your policy if you are going to do any good as the holder of a commission in His Majesty's Territorial Force.

SWEATED LABOUR.

A correspondent sends me a letter which raises a point that I shall well discuss at once.

"The badges you are producing for the League," he says, "are so cheap that I can come to only one conclusion, and that is that you are having them produced by sweated labour."

Naturally, in a matter like this, I buy in the [illegible] and cheapest market, for I am anxious to supply these badges at the lowest possible [illegible] invited several likely firms to tender for the manufacture of the badges, and eventually I gave the order to one, not because of the estimate [illegible] but also because this particular firm had, I covered, facilities for working at speed.

It is not for me to say what I have [illegible] throughout the conduct of this paper to safeguard the interests of humble workers who have helped me to make it successful, but I will say that before I gave the order for the League badges I satisfied myself that they would be produced in a manner which inflicted no hardship upon [illegible]

The machines by which they are made are the latest and most scientific pattern, and [illegible] the use of these machines, and not by the [illegible] sweated labour, that I am enabled to produce badges at the price at which I do.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London

"MY COUNTY."

A FORM OF PATRIOTISM THAT IS NOT COMMON ENOUGH.

My love for old England is, I am sure, beyond reproach or dispute—beyond any question. I can see nothing wrong with the old country, and very little wrong with any of the millions who people it. But there is one direction in which I have always thought that valuable national sentiment was wasted, and that is in the way of local patriotism; so to be more accurate, county patriotism.

I do not for one moment wish to suggest that a man's patriotic thoughts should be centred in the comparatively small area of the county that gave him birth, and that contains a majority of the people and places and things that arouse his greatest interest and stir his deepest emotions. It would lead to the increase of millions of very little Englanders indeed.

But the sort of county patriotism I have in mind would add immensely to the strength of the nation, in that it would make every man more anxious to take his part in the public duties that fall to every one of us by right.

The idea of county enthusiasm and county keenness must have been at the back of the brain that originated the Territorial Army plan.

This county spirit has moved many of us to join; because we feel that in taking up the work we are more than mere numbers or names in the vast national forces, and are human elements in the grand work of national defence.

Moreover, we are all moved by one impulse. We are all of a county, all of a cut, all have the same, or nearly the same, territorial ties and interests, and we are enabled to give play to these in our military duty.

From being separately and individually only slightly interested in the life of our county, we are now collectively enthusiastic, and we stand or fall together.

We rejoice or regret in a body over all that gives cause for either sentiment.

A pride in all our county's doings has sprung up amongst us, and while we are strenuously seeking to hold a foremost place among rival counties, we are equally keen amongst ourselves to lead the way in everything.

Thus we have a double incentive to go ahead in sport and work and duty.

Some day we hope that this county rivalry will spread to all sorts of fields in which at present it is hardly existent. For the most part it is confined to inter-county cricket, but the sort of county rivalry we look to foster is hardly that in which professionalism has any part.

One can follow with tolerable closeness and with a personal interest all that goes on within the county, and we are naturally most alive to its sporting achievements.

In the case of my own county we have ample opportunities for all kinds of exercise, and we look upon it as the ideal among all other counties.

We roll up in good round numbers to the Territorial banner. This, indeed, is our main bond, and you would be surprised to see how it keeps us all in touch and makes us more like members of one huge club.

In any sport we are always keen to meet other counties, and we look upon the rivalries of this sort as among the best results of our local patriotism.

We wish it would spread. When the value of local patriotism is more fully realised we expect all sorts of developments to take place. Inter-county contests of all sorts, from rifle shooting to riding and other Territorial work, would be the most natural development of the idea, since at once the country's military leaders have hit upon a means of using all our latent enthusiasm and physical vigour.

In any way, a large number of us see in the county to-day a valuable asset, both as a means to a more vigorous life and as a source of national strength. For every man "my county" should be second only to "my country."

J. G. HAYWARD.

"Now," said the great magician, rolling up his sleeves to show that he had no concealed mechanism to deceive the eye, "I shall attempt my never-failing experiment."

Taking from his pocket a golden sovereign, he continued, "I shall cause this coin to disappear utterly."

So saying, he lent the sovereign to a friend.

* * *

JEWELLER: Yes; that engagement ring is plated, but it is warranted for ten years.

PURCHASER: Haven't you got anything cheaper, warranted for about ten weeks?

* * *

HER HUSBAND: "Oh, I wish I had never learned to play nap!"

HIS WIFE: "You mean you wish you had learned, don't you?"

* * *

"Do you know anything about flirting?"

"No," he replied sadly. "I thought I did, but when I tried it the girl married me."

* * *

"I was sorry to hear that you have failed in business."

"Yes; I struggled hard, but I lost everything save my honour, thank goodness, and the property I was wise enough to settle on my wife when I found myself getting into trouble."

* * *

MASTER: "Mary, I wish you would be more careful. I'm sorry to hear my wife has to scold you so often."

MARY: "Oh, it's all right, sir. I don't take any notice of her."

* * *

The sociologist, with sympathetic leanings toward the submerged tenth, looked pityingly at the man who was swinging a pick on the road before he spoke.

"Long hours, my man," he said. "Eh?"

"Yes," responded the man, without pausing in his work. "Sixty minutes."

* * *

MISTRESS (angrily): "How dare you talk back to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. You have a lot of nerve to call yourself a lady's maid."

NEW MAID: "I don't call myself that now ma'am; but I was a lady's maid before I got this job."

* * *

TIPLESS TRAVELLER: "Does the express leave this platform?"

PORTER: "It has done for ten years. I don't suppose it'll take it away to-day."

* * *

"They say that during the fortnight's ration test on Salisbury Plain the officers commanding the twenty men have been eating nothing but food served out to the men themselves."

"Blooming shame I call it. It's bad enough to set chaps marching every day for a fortnight, but it's mean of the officers to eat their grub."

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F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

HEALTH CRANKS.

I do not think anyone could accuse me of having introduced any fad or untried theory on this page, for I have no sympathy with crankishness in whatever form it may exhibit itself, and yet I think that I should pay some sort of tribute to what health cranks have done for physical culture.

The fresh-air crank, who believes in having a high draught blowing through his bedroom, even when he has a cold, may be a fool, but his mania for fresh air has had the effect of making us as a nation appreciate to the fullest advantage what fresh air can do for our bodies.

It is the panacea for many an ill, and when combined with plenty of sleep, there are few minor maladies or aches that it does not set to rights.

So also the vegetarian, who would have us eat no meat, has served a useful purpose in bringing us to a realisation of the fact that vegetables and fruit should form a larger portion of our daily menu than they do in most cases.

The daily cold-bath crank, with all the stories of his breaking the ice to secure a plunge in mid-winter, has also served his purpose in drawing attention to the need of a man having a daily tub.

There is some truth in most gospels, and the gospels of the cranks generally teach some lesson, although you may have to dig deeply amongst their theories to discover it. If you have not the gift to unearth it, it would be better for you to leave their theories alone altogether, for if you practise them according to the manner in which their advocates would have you do so, you would probably land yourself in physical disaster.

A SPLENDID NECK EXERCISE.

A good resistance exercise for the neck is one of which the first half is depicted in the sketch.

Stand upright with the head thrown back, and place the palms of the hands against the forehead, the elbows being as much below the wrists as possible.

Developing by muscular resistance.

Now press the head forward, resisting its movement all the time with the hands until it is bent as far forward as possible and the chin is sunk on the chest.

Then remove the hands and clasp them at the back of the head, so that they can resist the pressure of the neck as it returns the head to the upright position.

The exercise is an extremely simple one, and can be practised at any odd moment, so long as you do not happen to have a stiff collar on, and its benefit is enormous to the development of the neck muscles and the size of the neck, on which the appearance of strength and physical fitness often very largely depends.

THOUGHT AND STRENGTH.

That the condition of our body is dependent upon our thoughts there is but little doubt.

Nevertheless, there are a large number of men who receive this statement with much doubt and scepticism, whereas if they give it any consideration at all, especially if they have closely examined the human body from a physiological point of view, the truth of this principle will at once be apparent.

Our muscular strength is very largely regulated by the condition of the nervous system. Therefore, we see the great importance of preventing anything which is of an injurious nature to the nerves.

There are, however, many men who believe that to possess strength they must develop large and heavy muscles.

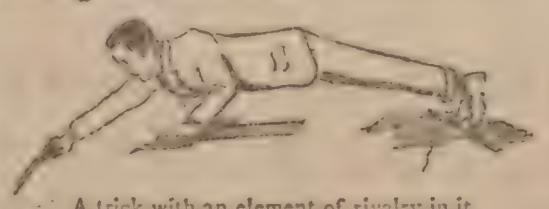
The largest muscles, possessed by the champion of the world, are of little or no use to him if his nervous system is not cared for in proportion. It is not too much to say that the whole of the muscular system is nourished, so to speak, by healthy thoughts, which undoubtedly produce chemical changes in the blood favourable to the nerve cells, whilst unhealthy thoughts have a deadening effect upon them.

One of the most valuable aids to the possession of a clean, healthy mind is what we term "deep-breathing," for the introduction of oxygen into the system through the lungs produces a distinct change in the condition of the blood.

By following this method, therefore, we are doing our best to keep our brain in a healthy condition, so far as we are able to do so externally.

A TRICK WITH A PIECE OF CHALK.

This trick is one that should be attempted by several people in competition. It is an excellent exercise for stretching all the muscles and joints of the body, and for imposing a greater strain than one would imagine on the whole body, the left arm bearing the brunt of it.



A trick with an element of rivalry in it.

Draw a chalk line about a yard long on the floor and stand so that your toes are just behind it, taking a piece of chalk in your right hand.

The object is to chalk a line as far in front of your feet as possible, without touching the floor with any part of your body except your hands and without bringing your feet beyond the line already marked on the floor.

While you are chalking the line, of course, your body will have to be supported by one arm, and though you may draw your line by making dabs at it, the strain will be severe.

The man who wins in a competition of this sort is the man who possesses sufficient strength of biceps and triceps to bend his left arm as shown in the sketch. The average man will perforce keep it straight, so that his right shoulder is further from the ground, for if he bent the arm it would give way under him and let him down.

Having drawn the line, your troubles are not ended, for you must now regain your balance and return to the upright starting position without altering the position of your feet or touching the ground with any other part of your body but your hands.

If you object to chalking lines upon the floor, the starting line may be the edge of a carpet or a crack in the boards, and instead of a piece of chalk in the right hand, you may have a small piece of paper, which you must drop as far in front of you as possible.

This trick will exercise the muscles of the trunk as few ordinary exercises can do, and it is an excellent means of obtaining a little profitable amusement where two or three young men of about the same height are gathered together.

FOR THE ARM MUSCLES.

Stand at attention and extend the arms in front of the chest, clenching the fists and forcing the elbows as close together as you can, so as to contract the muscles of the upper arm as much as possible.

The backs of the hands should be turned towards the floor.

Now double the arms together, as shown in the sketch, until the backs of the hands are against the chin, and the wrists as much bent as possible.

The exercise is a splendid one for the biceps and triceps, and also for the wrist and forearm muscles, even those of the hand benefiting to a considerable extent.

It should be repeated fairly slowly about twenty times each morning.

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The first thing is to find out the cause ... hair falling. If from internal causes, ... doctor. If from overheating the scalp, ... effect, gradually, of course, of leaving off ... head-covering, or see that your hat is properly ventilated.

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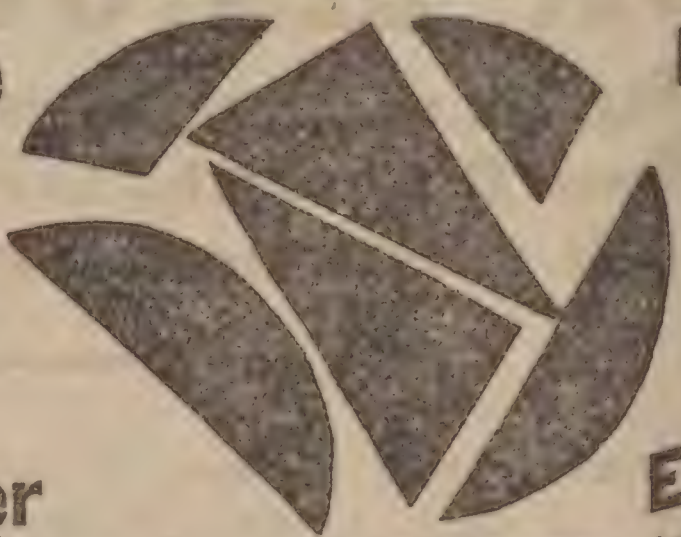

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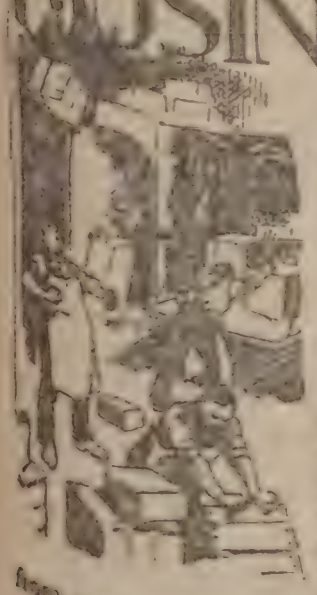

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

MEN'S PURPOSES.

One of the lamentable facts in business is that you cannot afford to be hail-fellow-well-met with everyone who may call to see you.

It is a pity, not only from a personal but also from a commercial point of view.

A man whose name is quite unfamiliar to you sends in his card. You agree to see him, and he is shown into your office.

You look him up and down and endeavour to place him. Is he a traveller, is he an applicant for a situation, is he a collector of accounts, or is he a satisfied and promising customer?

There is, so far as I know, no method of telling from appearances.

The commercial traveller, the applicant for a position, or the debt collector may be and often now is, indistinguishable in the matter of looks from the business man who calls on you to pay you compliments and to give you fresh orders.

I do not wish to be misunderstood, and I should be the last in the world to say, as has been said by some, that commercial travellers are a nuisance.

In my opinion they are a business necessity, and without them it would be impossible to carry on commerce in most of its branches, but still I think it is regrettable that one should not have some means of ascertaining at once what a man's purpose may be when he comes to visit you.

If you suppose that he is a delighted customer, you rise from your seat, shake him by the hand and greet him cordially, and it may be a few minutes till you ascertain the now unpleasant fact that he has come to solicit orders from you, and not to give them.

I say that the fact is now unpleasant because he has made you, and, incidentally, himself, uncomfortable.

Convention demands that an exuberant welcome should not be extended to those who are going to offer propositions for your consideration. You are, of course, courteous to them, for you never know where business and profit may result, but you are not expected to offer them as hearty a welcome as you would to a personal friend.

Therefore, when you have offered such a welcome, and when you discover that your visitor's purpose is to get money from you, you have a feeling of resentment that makes the chances of a satisfactory business unlikely, or, at least, its transaction unpleasant.

Generally your visitor feels the same thing, and he has only himself to blame for it.

He was wrong in letting you suppose that his visit was merely a friendly one, and he has no one but himself to blame when you resent the discovery that his purpose is commercial and self-seeking.

The fact is that there are some men who, when they call on business and are greeted as friends, fall into the error of supposing that this is something to their advantage, and that they may be able to continue the friendly footing throughout the discussion of their proposition.

That they are wrong in this need scarcely be emphasised, for a man's bluff-heartiness and friendliness necessarily melts away when he finds that his visitor wants money, for whatever reason or on whatever pretext.

The interview that promises to be of merely a friendly character, now becomes a hard business deal, and the business man necessarily throws aside all other feelings except that of commercial and logical deduction and calculation.

The right thing when you happen to visit a business man and see his difficulty as to placing you, is to declare the purpose of your call frankly and at once. You lose nothing by it, and you save yourself from the penalty of his resentment.

It may be a human weakness or it may not, but nothing displeases a man more than to find he has made an error of judgment, and if he has made this error of judgment concerning the purpose of your visit, it is likely that the pain of it will be vented upon you.

To all commercial travellers I would say: If you happen to see that a man you are visiting does not know who you are, and is being unduly courteous under the supposition that you are a customer or a client of his own, you should at once disillusionise him by stating frankly and straightly that you are representing Messrs. So-and-So, and that you have called on such and such a purpose.

This straightforwardness pays, not only in the long run but at once.

Every business man has made the mistake to which I have referred, and is, in fact, constantly making it. When he meets a traveller who corrects him at the outset, he realises the fact that he has stumbled upon a man who has some strength of character and discretion, and he knows that such a man is the most likely to have a reasonable proposition to offer.

This is only a hint which might be made very much more of, but I think that on comparing the facts I have stated with your own experience, it may perhaps suggest some useful ideas to you.

UP TO TIME.

If there is one thing more than another that a business man ought to see to, it is that he is always up to time with any orders that may be entrusted to him.

There are several reasons why this should be so.

In the first place, being up to time very seldom costs anything extra, for it is rather a matter of arranging than of expense.

Therefore it is one of those points where the skilful man of business scores over his rival, even though the latter may be by far the larger capitalist.

If you are a manufacturer and your customers can always rely upon your being up to time, you will receive many orders that would go elsewhere if you had not this reputation.

I do not suggest that you should charge fancy prices for the mere fact that you are able to guarantee delivery when you promise it.

Rather should you use your reputation for punctuality and reliability merely as an additional recommendation.

Charge the same prices as other men in your line do, but beat them by being absolutely punctual, and, if possible, a little in front of time.

In the course of my own business I have often come across cases where orders have been given to houses that, though by no means the cheapest, could be relied upon for punctual delivery.

Perhaps those not actively engaged in business may think this improbable, but I can assure them that much of modern commerce is done at a rush. The weather and other conditions rapidly affect the public demand, and the shopman may discover all of a sudden that his stock of a certain commodity has run out.

He orders a supply from his wholesaler, and that wholesaler places his order with a manufacturer whom he knows to be capable of turning the goods out slap up to time.

The same thing applies to the employee; a clerk, a bookkeeper, or a workman who is known to be able to do a certain piece of work in a certain time, and who has never been known to fail, has a strength that may not be possessed by many another who is possibly more expert.

In these days business is a constant rush. The man who hustles so much that his work is done badly does not progress very far.

The bulk of business to-day goes to the man who, though not, perhaps, the quickest in the trade, may be relied upon to turn out the goods to the very minute that he promises.

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Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXXVI.

NO COMPROMISE.

March had come in, and still winter held the land in a pitiless grip, and still the struggle for supremacy between Richard Selby and the great chain Syndicate continued unabated.

Like most commercial wars, it was quiet and unobtrusive, affording the onlookers little entertainment in a spectacular way, but none the less deadly and devastating.

Unemployment was rife, despite the fact that the great factory of the Syndicate, and the low spreading works of the man who had set himself up against the attempt to enmesh a staple British industry in the net of an American trust, were working at high pressure.

The advent of machinery had necessarily deprived of work many of the men who had been engaged in the antiquated methods of making chain by hand. Inevitable progress was sending the weaker to the wall.

A mass gathering to voice a protest had failed in all else but providing proof that Richard Selby was not afraid to face them and the consequences that the fight was bringing on the non-combatants.

He had told them then that while the struggle was on he could do nothing for them, and he told the same thing over and over again—to the deputations that almost daily waited upon him, to men that accosted him in the streets, to one and all that pleaded with him to alleviate their distress, even including women.

"I've got my hands full," he said, firmly, "and I can't take a single other man on. You must stick it. It won't last for ever. I'm in to sink or swim as well as you. But you can depend on one thing; when I'm through I'll see to it that there isn't an able and willing man in Moulden without work."

The women, after a short time, he refused to see. Richard had never been tainted with the egotism that makes a man unapproachable in his office, and to everyone whose object was not flippant he had made a habit of granting an interview.

But the besieging women, with their tales of woe and the evidence of it imprinted pathetically on their faces, he could not bear to see.

"They take the strength out of me," he told Graill one day, and Graill saw that he was deeply moved. "They make me feel a criminal."

But his mouth set hard with determination.

"If I help one I shall have to help the lot," he went on, "and d'you think that wouldn't come to the ears of the D's? They'd laugh in their sleeves, and with cause. A fine chance I should have against them with women hanging round my neck! By gad, yes! Would the Germans have taken Paris if they'd sent in provisions for the women and children?"

But for all this he took a step of which he spoke no word, not even to Graill.

He rode out to Bagley Court, and had a brief but serious interview with Vincent Lyons and his daughter.

"I want your help," he said, "and I know you will give it willingly. There's a list here of a hundred of the most destitute homes in Moulden. For a few weeks I want to keep them going, but it is imperative that nobody shall guess that I'm connected with it. Will you contract, in your name, with the people in the town to have provisions and coal delivered to them? I've sketched out what I judge to be sufficient for each one. You'll only need to give the orders. Here's a cheque for five hundred pounds."

Mr. Lyons took the papers and looked over them. One glance at Richard's face was enough to read that he was in painful fear of being praised.

"We will do it at once," he said, "won't we?" he added, turning to his daughter.

She nodded, and something appealing shone in her eyes. She did not look at Richard.

"And, if you will allow me," continued Mr. Lyons, "I will take advantage of your example and do the same thing myself. I suppose there are still plenty of others in need?"

"Not dire need, I think," replied Richard, and paused.

"I didn't expect that offer," he went on, "and I would rather not accept it. Mine is not charity. It is an exigency of business."

"The exigencies of sympathy are just as insistent," said Mr. Lyons, smiling, "and I beg you will believe that I am more grateful to you for giving me the idea than you can be grateful to me."

"Of course," Violet put in, bright and decisive. "It's a splendid chance for finding something to do. Now, don't argue, Mr. Selby. I can see it in your face. Dad and I will not only give the orders, but see that they're carried out. We'll make a tour of all those homes and pretend we're a fairy prince and princess."

"And feel hollow humbugs while we are doing it," laughed her father. "Then it is all settled, except that we shall have to discover the most deserving people for our own contribution."

"I can do that for you," said Richard. "There aren't many people I don't know. You shall have another list to-morrow."

He exchanged a warm grip of the hand with both of them.

"It will be only necessary for a few weeks," he said, almost sternly, so anxious was he to conceal all traces of the emotion that their ready co-operation had stirred in him.

He gazed from one to the other. The look of genuine friendship on the faces of both made him suddenly awkward.

"All the same," he added, turning to the door, "I'm hanged if I know how to thank you."

"Then don't try," said Violet, with a laugh that ended abruptly; and she accompanied him to the door.

"You're troubled," she said, fronting him, and meeting his eyes steadily.

"I was," said Richard. "But, by gad! I'm not now."

"Will it really all be over in a few weeks?"

A catch in her voice made Richard jerk impulsively towards her, and he caught her arm—only for a moment, while he spoke assuringly.

"For the people—yes," he said. "It's the Syndicate that's going to be hurt next."

"How?" she said, then changed her mind quickly. "No, no. Don't tell me. I'm not afraid. We're with you, and we believe in you. Come."

She pulled his sleeve, and walked with him out on to the terrace. It was the grey twilight of late afternoon and bitterly cold. A groom was h Richard's horse at the bottom of the broad s

"When it's over," she began, looking over the park and speaking almost to herself.

Richard's whole body stiffened, and his regarding her were burning.

She swung her glance to his.

"Listen," she said, tensely, imperatively withal softly. "Until then—until it's over, of *nothing*. Not the people, nor yourself, me. Only to win!"

There was the fire of inspiration about Richard, unable to speak, nodded.

"Then—go!" she said, and with a tremulous smile ran past him into the house.

Before Richard rode into Moulden sentiment had been shut out of his heart, for and for some time to come, and his natu hardened into cold and bright resolve, like the brightness of an unsheathed sword.

A closed carriage stood outside the premi the Syndicate as he came within sight o and J. T. Dean was crossing the pavement enter it when he went by.

Seeing Richard, he hailed him, and calle him to stop.

Richard pulled up near the kerbstone, dismounting, took the outstretched hand. When they met the courtesy between these two unfailing, as befitted men having mutual re for each other as opponents.

"Well?" queried Dean, smiling round cigar. "Trade good?"

"So, so!" answered Richard straighte "We manage to keep going. You seem bris there."

"Full up. Can scarcely keep pa demands. Just demonstrates to you that t room for two in the biz., don't you think?"

"We neither of us think that," said Ri with an answering smile. "That's the diffic

"Meanin' you're still hopeful. Ah, well! shall look to have you join enterprise with us soon. Your works would be right useful fo extra machines we've got comin' along. D if we know where to put 'em in there." He j his head backwards.

"You'd best stick on another storey remarked Richard, as he took the reins gatekeeper who had been holding his hor climbed into the saddle. "I can't do with place just yet.'

Dean laughed.

"Trust a Britisher to be stubborn!" he "If it weren't for that, I should put it to you man o' business sense that a standard pric means prosperity without hurtin' anybody get it."

He gave an almost imperceptible gesture to the little knot of men that had collected ne men with unkempt clothes and sullen coun ances, who watched them in ominous silence.

"You're makin' me uncomfortable as we them," he continued, with a plaintive into "As they fling other things besides curs after me, I can't go about without that ance. Makes me feel like a corpse in a h It's inconvenient."

He paused, amusement evident in every but his steel-blue eyes.

"More inconvenient for the driver," sugge Richard.

"Oh, he doesn't mind. I brought him with me. He's been a cow-puncher in T and winks at nothin' but bullets. No; it's Mr. Selby. I'm getting' tired. Anxiety's into my nerves. If you will persist in forc to conduct business economically, so as to pete with the unremunerative figures it p you to quote for chain, what can I do?"

"Pack up and get back to the States, wher healthier," replied Richard.

Dean dropped his bantering for a moment.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "I find you darned entertainin'. Waal, that animal o' yo gettin' fidgety, and so are our friends here, the sound of it."

A sudden savage invective, directed a him, followed his words. The men, their num

...ted, edged nearer. There was danger ...ir.

"...see the advantage of bein' a fellow ...man," went on Dean imperturbably. "It's ...they make the target. There they go!"

A stone whizzed past him and rattled on the ...ge. He turned his head round slowly and ...the men with unconcern, then stared up and ...the street.

"The custodians of the law must be taking tea," observed. "However!"—he stepped back a ...—"no cause to keep you any longer. I ...ught maybe you were in tune for a com...nise."

He stood in an easy posture, reflecting.

"Not just yet," said Richard, who made no ...ve to depart. He wanted first to see Dean ...ly away in the vehicle. An ugly crowd of men ...ed the way.

Dean's hands slid unobtrusively into his coat ..., and he turned. Richard's voice, quiet ...d penetrating, reached him.

"A shooter's no good."

The hands came out instantly—empty.

"Merely force of habit," Dean said, smiling ...er his shoulder.

He took two or three steps, and faced an im...able wall of men.

"I'll trouble you," he said, still progressing.

There was a hearse oath and the uplifting of ...

"...then!" rang Richard's voice. "Don't ...ke them fools!"

For an instant. Dean, with an intrepidity ...ed his admiration, was coolly attempt...g his way through. Somebody shot a ..., quick and fierce, and caught Dean on the ...

Before the peril could concentrate Richard had ...ent his horse right among them, sending several ...n reeling.

"In, sharp!" he commanded Dean, who ...mentarily dazed.

Dean spoke to rapid exertion, used his size and ...th with effect, and reached safety ere the men ...recovered from their confusion.

The driver, a man with an alert, fearless ..., brought his whip down hard, and the ...ge rolled forward.

"Thanks," said Dean, leaning out of the ...dow.

Graill spun his animal round, shaking free ...n several hands that sought to hold the bridle, ...set off at an easy trot.

The encounter had begun and finished in little ...than half a minute, and in about the same ...th of time had passed from Richard's mind. ...ings of greater importance were claiming his ...ention.

"I want you, Graill," he said, on reaching the ...ce. "We're going to do something big ...ht. First of all, ring up Moore, the printer, ... him to be here at nine-thirty in the ...ing. We shall be through by then."

"What's the game?" asked Graill eagerly.

"You'll know presently. The D's are getting ...over the prices we're quoting. I don't wonder ... They must be losing heavily on every order ... take. Clear as noonday. They've been ...ding themselves for the last month or two ... the notion that I've been doing ditto, but I've ...een Dean, and doubt of it was writ large all ...er him. He talked compromise, talked it in a ...way more threatening than peaceful, but compro...mise all the same. That's enough for me. We'll ...rt now and shake 'em up a bit."

Unlocking his private drawer in the safe, he ...t out some photographs and papers, and, ...ted at his desk, went rapidly through them, ...while Graill spoke, as instructed, with the firm's ...ter.

"I'll sketch out the idea roughly," went on ..., when his secretary was seated opposite, ...k, inquisitive eyes. "It's you that's got to ...k a new phrase, thanks to your gift for string...g words together.

"Well, that gift has got to be magnified into ... time. Dean, in that department, talks ... the subtlety of a serpent—you'll talk with the tongue of angels. Simile's good, because ours will be the truth, and his isn't.

"I've here the photographs of the D's machine, with all details of its capacity and output—you remember we had the offer of it long before they did—and photographs of the Selby automatic machine with similar details.

"Now, we're going to reproduce those on the inside of a two-page leaflet, something got up well in red and black to catch the eye; we're going to print a terse, convincing description of their relative merits—no bombast, Graill!—contrasting productive capabilities, showing that ours is English and theirs Yankee, and that by reason of the incontestable superiority of ours the price of chain is to be revolutionised, and so on, and so on. You must see to that part, but keep it simple and straightforward. And advise a permanent reduction of five pounds a ton."

"Five pounds a ton!" Graill whistled. "Below what we're already quoting? Why, it's unheard of already!"

Richard disregarded his astonishment, and continued:

"We'll let every buyer in the kingdom have one. Foreign markets can be left for a bit. The D's will be after them presently, but one thing at a time. We'll pave the home market for ourselves first.

"Another point! While the Syndicate's still in blundering existence (you won't, of course, say that; leave the Syndicate's name out of it altogether) an automatic machine will be on show at this works in going order for anybody to see. This because it is near perfection as machinery can be got, and because we like to give ocular proof of every statement we make. Put that in the right way. Better—reserve a place for an invitation form, which buyers can fill up and post when they want to come, and hint—don't tell 'em in so many words—that we'll do them right royally when they arrive.

"That'll do. We'll thrash out the details as we go along. Dean will hoist his eyebrows when he sees it, and it'll be interesting to witness his retaliation."

"Think he'll try?" asked Graill, with a laugh.

"You bet!" said Richard. "That man's indomitable—when he's fighting with other people's money."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

SMITH: "I hear Jones has been very ill. Is he out of danger out?"

BROWN: "Well, he's convalescent; but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away."

THEATRE-GOING.

Should a man, or should he not, attend the theatre? The answer is one that depends on the personal likings or prejudices of the man questioned. There are some who will tell you that there is no finer amusement than the theatre, while there are others who are equally certain that it is a waste of time.

The latter will assure you that you learn nothing in the way of money-making while you sit in your seat in the theatre; neither is your body being exercised.

They are perfectly right, but, at the same time, there are other things than the purse and the body to be considered.

A man's mind requires relaxation, and as he sits in the theatre he is in the best possible way for getting it.

Life as depicted on the stage is to some extent glorified, and for that very reason it affords one a freshness of outlook, besides stimulating the imagination. Both these things are worth having, for they help to colour up the drabness of life.

"Your hair wants cutting badly, sir," said the barber insinuatingly to his customer.

"No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair; "it wants cutting nicely. You cut it badly last time."

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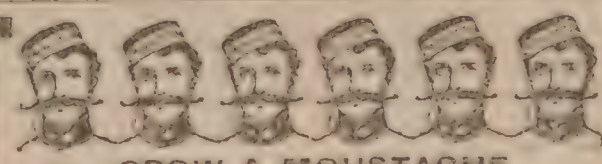

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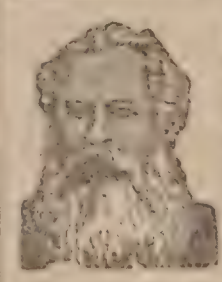

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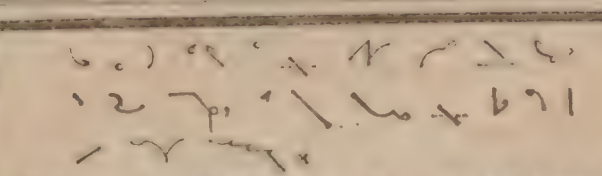

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TOMMY ATKINS: ATHLETE & SPORTSMAN

ONE SIDE OF ARMY LIFE.

The devotion of our Army, both officers and men, to games and sport always surprises the foreign military man, while the fact that our commissioned and non-commissioned ranks meet on an equal footing at cricket, football, and other games is to him absolutely astounding.

Games, it is true, are growing in favour with the French soldier, but he rarely shares them with his officers, while to a German the idea of an officer playing cricket with his men or being "scragged" or charged over at football by a "Tommy" is altogether unthinkable. The German officer would tell you that he would lose his authority for ever were he to play games with his men; discipline in the British Army rests largely on the splendid sporting fraternity that exists between officer and man, for there is nothing like healthy rivalry in sport for inducing mutual respect.

THE ATHLETIC OFFICER.

An athletic officer is always popular with his men, and gets far more out of them than the non-sporting subaltern or captain.

Cricket and football are "Tommy Atkins'" staple games, and besides the regimental cricket and football clubs every company in a regiment has, as a rule, its own athletic club, supported by contributions from officers and men.

Then in most regiments there are cricket and football challenge shields or cups for competition between companies or squadrons, and for genuine exciting sport commend me to an inter-company match, particularly at football.

The opposing sides meet to a storm of cheers and counter-cheers from their respective adherents, and quarter is neither given nor desired by either side.

Then there are inter-regimental matches, and finally, at football, the great struggle for the Army Association and Rugby Championships.

CRICKET NOT HIS FORTE.

"Tommy" does not as a rule shine greatly at cricket, though more than one soldier has found his way into county teams—Bombardier Barton, of Hampshire, was an example; but at football, particularly "Soccer," some Army teams would make a League eleven go all the way to win, and professional clubs have often found it worth while to buy out a soldier footballer—that is, purchase his discharge for him, at a cost of from £10 to £18.

It pays Tommy Atkins to go in for games, for if he is a really good player, small misdemeanours on his part will be winked at, or dealt with in a very lenient spirit. The approach of an important match will often save a prominent member of the regimental eleven or fifteen, who has got into trouble, from a dose of "cells," or secure him a reduced sentence, so that he should be free to play on the all-important day.

Then the soldier-athlete enjoys many little privileges. I won't say that he will get his sergeant's stripes solely because he is a fine bowler or a dashing centre-forward, but he certainly will be pushed on so far as possible, and should he not desire promotion, "soft billets" will be found for him, which will relieve him from "guard" and other duties that might interfere with his playing. Indeed, in my regiment the Tommy members of the fifteen—we were mad on Rugby—were exempted from guard. Of course, this was bang against the regulations, and there would have been a fearful to-do had it come to the General's ears; but the other men did not mind an extra guard or two, and the members of the fifteen enjoyed seven nights a week in bed.

They got extra rations, too, the best of beef-steak, paid for out of the club funds, while it may have been a mere coincidence, but it is a fact that after a "famous victory" the members of the team were generally in a position to "stand" unlimited beer to their friends and cronies.

I have mentioned that soldier-footballers are sometimes bought out of the Army by professional clubs, and the converse has also happened, professional players being induced to enlist with the promise of speedy promotion. I know one case where a professional thus captured was made a lance-corporal the day he joined and a corporal within three weeks.

TOMMY'S VERSATILITY.

As to other games, hockey is pretty popular in the Army, while at some favoured garrisons there are tennis courts for the men.

Billiard tables are provided in connection with regimental institutes, while many regiments are keen on boxing, and have their own championships, apart from the general Army ones.

Then every regiment has its annual sports, where Tommy gets his chance of distinguishing himself as runner, cyclist, jumper, and so on, and also of earning considerable sums of money, soldiers being allowed to receive cash prizes without forfeiting their amateur status.

Many regiments have rowing and cycling clubs, bicycling, indeed, being very popular with the non-coms.—Tommy, as a rule, cannot afford such a luxury—and they enjoy it all the more that they are allowed to wear a half-military, half-mufti kit when bicycling.

ARISTOCRATIC SPORTS.

For field sports, pure and simple, Tommy does not get much opportunity, at least when stationed at home; but some regiments go in for cross-country running, others maintain harrier or beagle packs, while in mounted corps the non-coms. will often get the chance of a run with the regimental drag.

Abroad, Tommy will often get plenty of shooting and fishing, especially when he is an officer's servant, and can thus accompany his master on sporting expeditions.

Reverting to games, golf has a large following in the Army, particularly in Scottish regiments. Indeed, the British Army plays every kind of game, and is always ready for a bit of sport when it gets the chance, while both in peace and in the sterner business of war "Tommy Atkins" always "plays the game," and has proved himself over and over again a real good sportsman.

CHINSTRAP.

OUTSIDE STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS.—Much has been said against outside brokers, and most of it has been just, but it would be unfair to brand every firm of this description with the same stigma. One in particular, The National Share Exchange, not only discloses the exact amount it has paid to clients during the past three years—£282,000—but offers to produce every single cheque comprising this amount.

CHEAP BUT GOOD WATCHES: Those who want a really good, cheap watch, for sporting or other hard wear, cannot do better than send 3s. 6d., with 1½d. for postage, to the Leecla Watch Company, 215, Old Street, Ashton-under-Lyne. State whether you want the watch oxidized or nickelled.

FAULTS IN NEGATIVES

FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC ENTHUSIASTS

At this stage it would be well to describe of the most common faults in negatives, to readers to overcome their photographic diffi and get better results.

In this column I can deal only with the common faults, but should my readers expe any other difficulties I shall be glad to them direct if they will write to me "care Editor."

Photographic plates have now attained high standard of perfection, and faults are common as formerly; the best way is to buy materials from a large firm whose business them to turn their stock over quickly, an ensure freshness.

Spots are one of the commonest fau negatives, and are due to many different cau the spots are actual holes in the gelatine, sh specks of bare glass, they are due to manufacture; but such defects are very seen. These are genuine "pinholes."

In most cases the trouble arises from d the film during exposure or during develop The result due to either of these causes same—namely, spots more or less numero of varied shapes and sizes, where the dust have lain on the surface of the plate exposure, and have prevented the light acting, or during development, when they prevented the developer from reaching the sion.

As dust on the surface of the film preven developer from acting in parts, so air-bu forming on the surface of the plate during de ment have the same effect.

Such bubbles arise from a stale or ex developer, or a rough and uneven flowing solution over the plate, and cause th spots on the portion of the film which the They may be of almost any size and shape the merest pin-point upwards, but most freq they are circular and about one-eighth of a in diameter. There may be only one or tw spots, or the negative may be almost covere them.

A result somewhat akin to air-bubble differing only in degree, is that of uneven fl In this case the developing solution has p been slightly insufficient in quantity, and has not been well rocked as the deve poured on to the plate. Thus, the dev action was uneven and in waves, giving degrees in density according to the length the developing solution was on the di portions of the plate. Clear gelatine is the parts where the solution never touched.

To prevent such results, use a sufficient qu of developing solution, and by promptly r the dish, ensure that all parts of the simultaneously covered by the developer.

Fog is caused in various ways. It may to an unsafe dark-room lamp, in which c remedy is obvious. The covering medium window or the glass in the lamp should be ruby, and extra care should be taken developing rapid plates. A light which wo safe for a slow plate might ruin a fast plate long exposures, or even a red light, will r fog, so that during development the dish not be too close to the lamp, and sho covered over with a piece of cardboard.

Fog may also be due to the plates being to their having been stored in a place e to damp chemical fumes, burnt or unbu They should be kept in a cool, dry place, a open boxes carefully wrapped up again.

The most usual cases of chemical fog strong a developer—that is, one contain much alkali—too long an immersion in a developer, or too warm a developer.

Green fog is generally the result of gettin impurity into the developer; a slight t ammonia or hypo may be sufficient, and th is easily carried over from the fixing bath fingers.

THE FI

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

W. L. P. (Plymouth).—There is no way of absolutely preventing your feet from perspiring. You can lessen this trouble by wearing boots that fit you easily and thin socks. Give your feet a good soaping during your daily tub, and powder them afterwards before you put your socks on.

W. D. (Lincoln).—Of course we don't think any the less of you, now that you know you were a fool, but don't be such a b. ass again.

J. L. (Newbury).—There is no reason for alarm; every man who goes in for sport or physical culture finds his muscles a bit stiff at times. We are not in the habit of giving testimonials, but we advise you to rub in some of Dr. Carter's embrocation. It is, without any exception, the best on the market. We know from personal experience.

"DRESS" (London).—A navy blue lounge suit is probably the most useful a man can have. It is not, of course, the right thing for a wedding, but you can make it do at a pinch, for it is not noticeable.

S. R. (Dundee).—The truth appears to be that you have been mistaken in your friend. He is not a bad chap, but you do not appear to have very much in common and, therefore, you would probably be best advised not to waste longer time with him, but to find someone else.

A. S. R. (Sheffield).—Your trouble is one frequently experienced by engineers. When the skin has been blackened, especially when the dirt is oily, it is extremely difficult to get the stains off. The one and only way is to take a very hot bath with plenty of soda in it.

TO MANY READERS.—We regret very much having been unable to answer personally a large number of the congratulations received in connection with our first anniversary. We have done our best in the matter, but our well-wishers will understand that the successful conducting of the paper is a matter of greater moment, even to them, than a letter from us. Usually we can just manage to deal with our correspondence, but for the past week or two there have been so many letters that the work of the office has been hopelessly disorganised. We mention these things by way of explanation for the delay. We shall answer all our correspondents as far as we can, and as quickly as possible, but we ask them to give us time.

T. H. (London, S.E.).—The address of the headquarters of the City of London Yeomanry (Roughriders) is the Guildhall. By all means drop in and see us any time you like, bar Wednesdays and Thursdays.

C. S. (Eastbourne).—It is most difficult to recommend any form of spare time work for you. Literary work appears to be out of the question, and we cannot think of any money-making work that can be done in your spare time without interfering with your regular employment. Better content yourself meantime, and, if you want more money, look out for a better-paid place. Above all things, steer clear of the advertisers who offer spare-time employment.

R. S. M. (Manchester).—Glad you like the photograph. Sometimes the Editor rides in Wellingtons and an old pair of overalls, to save time in changing, but generally in breeches and leggings. We do not know why you should ask this, but there you are.

H. E. F. E. (Luton).—Thanks for pointing out the allusion to us in our contemporary. As you say, they ought not only to eat their own biscuit, but also the box, for what they imagine to be a mistake was, as you point out, perfectly accurate. At the same time we have no objection to what they said. It was a free advertisement to us.

E. C. (Birkenhead).—If you feel that you are smoking too much, change your brand of tobacco.

T. R. (Nuneaton).—Forty miles a day is certainly a very long journey for your horse to make. If you think he is not fitted for it you should point the matter out strongly to your employer, and get him either to cut down the round or to buy another horse and cart.

GENTLEMEN, ON AND OFF THE FIELD

A FEW PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS.

Among the giants of the game that I have had the pleasure of meeting I have found many gentlemen, both in the paid and unpaid ranks. There are, unfortunately, "black sheep" alike in the amateur and professonal ranks.

I can recall many splendid characters among those who have played for a living, and also many of the "old boy brigade" who have done an immense amount of work to make the game popular, and none have a higher claim to the premier position than the old captain of the English side. Perhaps the only player that happened to be a director of the club that he represented was the "Spurs'" centre-forward, V. J. Woodward.

There are not a few of us to-day who will follow the game from our own firesides in the declining years of life, and will consider it one of our greatest privileges to have known and played with the most unselfish amateur that one ever met.

The story of his discovery is interesting. One of our directors happened to have a little time to spare in Chelmsford owing to his having missed a train, and he learned from the placards on the hoardings that there was a local game going on.

A DISCOVERY.

He strolled on to the field of play. Watching the game in progress, he observed in the forward line a tall young fellow who showed undeniable ability, and the upshot of that fortunate visit was an invitation to come and play at Tottenham.

The player came, saw, and conquered, and has always been recognised by the crowd. His pleasant face, his slight figure, his graceful movements, are familiar to all spectators. He never minds hard knocks, and has had, perhaps, more than his share.

By profession an architect, he lives in a house facing the Surrey County Cricket Ground, and in the summer he captains a well-known cricket club, for whom he makes hundreds of runs in the course of a season.

Probably never a more unselfish player stepped on to the field, and he is rightly and deservedly a popular hero with the public, the Press, and the players. I do not say that he is a centre-forward who compares with G. O. Smith or W. N. Cobbold, but he has a merit all his own.

FOURTEEN INTERNATIONALS TO HIS CREDIT.

John Goodall, the manager of Watford, is a famous player, and only just recently can he be said to have finished active participation in the game.

Two nations claim him. He was born in the South of England, but his parents were Scots, and he passed his boyhood days at Kilmarnock, where he also learnt more than the rudiments of the game of which he afterwards became so distinguished an ornament.

Goodall played in fourteen Internationals for England, and it was with Preston North End that he became known as one of the greatest centre-forwards of his time. Then he joined Derby County, and for a succession of seasons he did well as a brilliant individual player. With him it was strategy, but with many it would be tactics.

Above all he was a sportsman, and his good humour made him popular everywhere. He was and is a lover of clean, fair play, and he won the golden opinions of everyone. In the hour of defeat he was truly great. He knew how to lose well, and one of the most refreshing sights was to see him at the conclusion of a match go up to the opposing side and heartily shake hands with the men who had played him fairly and beaten him squarely.

Never guilty of a mean action or a dirty trick, he was never known to lose his temper. A famous referee said that in the hottest fray he had never known him to commit an unfair action. He is known as "Honest John" in the Soccer world, is a champion golfer, swimmer, tennis player, a lifelong abstainer, and a real good fellow.

When he was with Derby County, L. H. Gwynne, the pioneer Bishop of Khartoum, used to play on the side.

Billy Bassett, the "star" of West Bromwich Albion, was only a "midget." For a dozen years he was our only outside-right. There was no one to dispute his supremacy. His International triumphs were many, and so were his Cup Tie performances.

THE RISE OF BASSETT.

None who saw him for the "Throstles" against Notts Forest in a replayed English Cup semi-final in a blinding snowstorm will ever forget how he raced off with the ball every time it came to him. His centreing was perfect, and the Albion got six goals from his efforts.

He sprang into fame on one afternoon when his club defeated Preston North End in the Cup final of 1888. He was but a boy, but they gave him his Irish cap—the first of a long series—on the strength of that day's play.

Robert Crompton, the Blackburn Rovers' right back, is an honest player. He made a name as a swimmer, and for years he led the Rovers. He is one of the abstemious, clean-living class of players, and learned his game with a Board school team.

He is a true gentleman, and works at his trade. He has practised economy, and now drives his own motor-car to matches. A famous International, he should have a long lease of life yet as a player.

WALTER BULL
(*of Tottenham Hotspur*).

WINTER GARDENING.

The man who is keen on his garden finds plenty to do during the fall of the year.

There is manure to be dug in, the edges of the lawn to be trimmed, bulbs to be planted, pruning to be done, and so forth.

But the average amateur gardener gives up all idea of producing flowers during the winter—unless, of course, he is the possessor of a greenhouse.

There is no need for him, however, to give up altogether his active interest in his garden.

An ordinary cold frame can be fitted very easily with a primitive heating apparatus that will ensure the blossoming of fuchsias, geraniums and some other plants throughout the winter.

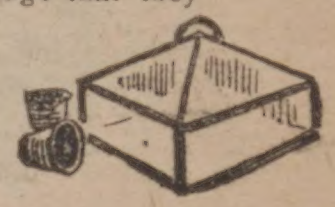
The simplest plan is to fit a large tin biscuit-box inside the frame, and to put a funnel from one corner of it through the woodwork out into the open. A small paraffin lamp is put underneath the biscuit-box, and the funnel carries off all fumes, so that they do not damage the foliage.

Even without the help of a cold frame, you may do wonders in the way of forcing early plants by means of small hand frames.

These can be picked up very cheaply at sales, or, if you are handy, you can make a couple for yourself.

You cannot, of course produce a beautiful garden by means of hand-frames, but you can at least provide yourself with something of interest out-of-doors, so that your long wait for the coming spring is made less tedious.

These small frames, like the *cloches* of the French gardener, have the advantage that they can be moved from place to place and set up anywhere.



THE OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BUYING OUT OF SEASON.

Just at this time of year, when even the St. Martin's summer is obviously past, it is often possible to pick up good summer clothing which will be useful on the return of spring, and which will keep quite as well in your bottom drawer as in the outfitter's boxes or warehouse.

Many outfitters have clung to their summer stock in the hope of a spell of warmer weather such as we are often treated to in autumn, and these goods are often cleared out at exceedingly low prices.

That is the opportunity for the man who can "take Time by the fetlock." There are many things in which the fashion is not likely to change in any essentials before next year, and many more, such as underclothing, in which fashion does not matter. By getting these just at the end of the season instead of the beginning, and by keeping them for six months, it is often possible to save nearly 50 per cent.

With the products of the tailor, of course, this is not possible, but many of the details of a man's outfit can be thus bought cheaply, and the same holds good of the buying of winter clothes on the advent of spring.

Fortunately for the outfitter, however, there are not many men who look ahead in this way.

BLACKENING BROWN LEGGINGS.

It often happens that a man has amongst his possessions a pair of brown leggings that have been scratched in places, or that have lost their good looks through the staining hand of time.

In such a case I should strongly advise the owner to blacken them.

It is true that with black leggings and boots you may be mistaken for the driver of a taxi-cab, but much depends on the cut of them and the way they are worn.

A pair of black leggings that actually fit the leg, without any undue looseness at the ankles, are very smart indeed, and they can readily be created from a pair of old brown ones by the simple process of dyeing them.

The application of a raw potato to the surface of the leather, and a subsequent rubbing with ink, has often been advocated, and it might do very well if it were not that the ink rubs off and makes a hopeless mess of your hands and everything else with which they come into contact.

The right way is to buy a threepenny bottle of black leather dye from any oil and colourman and to apply it to the leather. It will stain the leggings a deep black that will not rub off, and they may be finished up when the dye is perfectly dry with an application of ordinary black polish.

In the matter of buttons there is not very much difficulty. The buttons generally to be found on a pair of brown leggings are made of horn, and the black leather dye will stain these quite effectually, as also it does the thread with which the buttons are sewn on.

Be careful to stain the underside of the legging just opposite the button-holes, for if you leave that brown it will be observed by anyone who may be looking at you sideways.

OVERCOAT SLEEVES.

A small point which one is apt to overlook in buying a new overcoat is the length of the sleeves.

Nothing looks worse than to see the sleeve of the jacket appearing below that of the overcoat, and nothing is more annoying than to find this happening, and to have to double back the jacket sleeves, or to hitch them up from the shoulder.

The only remedy is to have one pair of sleeves or the other altered, and if they have gauntlet cuffs this is not such an easy matter.

When you are buying an overcoat, therefore, it is most important to see that the sleeves are long enough to cover the sleeves of any coat that you are likely to wear underneath it, and it is advisable, when going to try it on, to put on that one of your jackets which has the longest sleeves.

RAGLAN OVERCOATS.

After three or four years' retirement from public favour, the Raglan overcoat seems likely to become fashionable again this autumn.

The main peculiarity of this style of coat is that the sleeve is cut in one piece with the shoulder, the seams, which are usually overlaid, running right up under the collar.

This type of coat is obviously to be avoided by the man with sloping shoulders like a champagne bottle, for padding and the look of squareness which a stitched-on sleeve can give become impossibilities.

But to the well-developed and broad-shouldered man it has considerable attractions. It displays his physical development to the better effect, because it is clearly his own and not something his tailor has given him.

The Raglan is fairly full in the body and skirt without being drawn in at the waist. It is usually made in dark and fairly rough cloths, and makes an excellent overcoat for everyday business wear and so on.

A USEFUL MAKESHIFT.

The other day I had the misfortune to break one of my sock suspenders, and I never realised before how dependent I was on those necessary, if inelegant, articles of attire.

I happened to have on a particularly loose pair of cashmere socks, which absolutely refused to keep up without some external aid, and the result was both uncomfortable and unsightly.

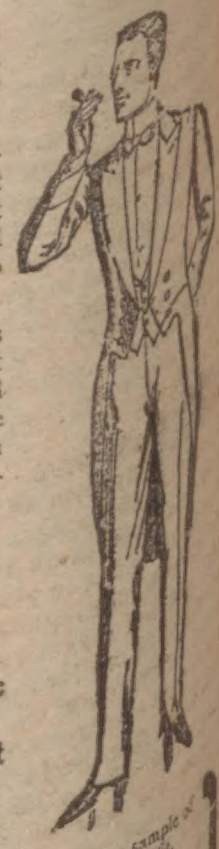
As it was Sunday, and I was unable to get a new pair of suspenders, I was wondering whether to resign myself to a day of misery or to put on another pair of socks, when I bethought me of a makeshift that I can recommend to my readers.

I got a couple of large elastic bands, such as are used for keeping papers together, and I found that they made most excellent garters for socks.

They are just strong enough to keep the socks up without being strong enough to stop the circulation by pressing too close on the leg.

For those who are of an economical turn of mind, the elastic band is not a bad substitute for the suspender for regular wear. It is so narrow as to be almost invisible, even in the event of its appearing below the trouser, and it will stretch just enough to be drawn over the foot.

THE BEST FITTING AND BEST TAILORED EVENING DRESS SUIT IN LONDON.



Now is the time when a man feels the need of an new Evening Dress Suit for the coming Winter Season.

Last year's suit is, perhaps, still presentable, but you know you are not looking your best in it, and at a dance you want to appear as well as possible.

Our new Evening Dress Suit is absolutely the latest in cut, style and finish, and yet, owing to the magnitude of our business, we can produce it for the remarkably low sum of

63/-

The material is Elastic Twill or Black Vicuna.

We guarantee a Perfect Fit by Post.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS,
The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.,
And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

This is a sample of style and fit. We give it.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

ARE YOU A SPORT?

If so, there must be hundreds of occasions upon which it is necessary for you to be out in the pouring rain, and equally necessary that you keep dry. No other garment can possibly give such protection as

a Mackintosh,

but it must be one upon which you can rely. Dudley mackintoshes are

as safe as a Diving Suit.

We guarantee them absolutely waterproof. They are cut in the latest style from the most fashionable materials, and we send them carriage paid on approval. Mail a card at once, and let us send you

Patterns of our 36 coats, free.
At all prices from 19/6 to 42/-.

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1, Harwood House, Walham Green, London, S.W.

GREAT PHOTOGRAPHIC SALE.
20 per cent. to 50 per cent. off all Photo. Goods.
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LEADBEATER & PETERS,
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Sole Agents for the Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Wanted, pair brown-top riding boots; size 10, calf 16½in.; good condition; must be cheap.—Box 1311, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, good pair of Wellington boots; size 7½ or 8. Approval. No cards; low price.—T. Haig, 13, Drummond Street, Edinburgh.

Fashionable brown tweed motoring or driving coat, little worn; cost £4 10s., will accept £1.—Box 1309, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, two pairs boot trees, size 7½; also cycling waterproof. Terms moderate.—Box 1307, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fine pair riding breeches, used only once; what offers?—Box 1314, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For the Modern Mac see advt., Dudley, page 24.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Pair Union hardware ball-bearing adjustable roller skates, nearly new; cost 17s. 6d., take 6s.—Box 1310, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Sportsmen who have had a run of bad luck should try Gilbert Gunn, the Scotch Turf Accountant. A change of friends often brings a change of luck: Gunn is the *only* man who *adds* 5 per cent. bonus to his clients' winnings. Credit accounts opened. —13, Bredalbane Street, Glasgow.

Boxing, Ju-jitsu, Exercises.—Scientific and systematic tuition given in these subjects, privately, in classes or by post. All sporting, athletic, gymnastic outfits supplied at near wholesale prices.—Send 2d. for illustrated Ju-jitsu booklet, and particulars Prof. Vernon Smith, Instructor Volunteers, &c., 81, High Road, Chiswick, W.

Roach pole, 18ft. whipped, 2 tops, good condition; cost 21s.; accept 11s.—Box 1315, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Rubber fishing boots, 26in. high, size nines, never worn, cost 30s.; accept 18s.—Box 1316, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Bournemouth West.—Board-Residence, near sea, Alum Chine, and trams; terms moderate.—Mrs. Clode, Maxwell Villa, Middle Road.

Home-comforts, country farmhouse, hunting, shooting, lovely scenery, near stations, terms moderate.—Gold, Hayne, Bampton, Devon.

Bachelor, 30, would like to take small flat with another, smart, and about same age.—Address, Box 1325, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Massive black retriever bitch, 12 months, splendid guard and companion, suit lonely place; £1.—Box 1317, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Dog food.—See Molassine advt., page 21.

POULTRY YARD.

Cyphers 220-240, condition as new, perfect hatcher, £4, or near offer.—Box 1318, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Tamlin's 60-egg hot air incubator, perfect order. What offers?—Box 1319, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES.

Wanted, gentleman's 24in. cycle; good exchange offered.—Box 1322, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's cycle, won in Big Ben competition, by Allday's, Birmingham, brand new, never ridden; a bargain, £4 cash; no exchange entertained.—Box 1323, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's new bicycle, never been ridden, cost £6 10s. Clincher tyres, ball free wheel, roller brakes, lined green and gold, handsome machine; will sell for £4 10s. cash.—Box 1324, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

Guitar, Spanish, almost new, with case and tutor, complete, 2gns, or nearest offer.—Box 1306, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

First-class banjo for sale (open type), good tone, splendidly mounted; accept £2 10s.—Box 1320, "The Modern Man," 76, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, small zither banjo, cheap.—Box 1321, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Folding Table Music Stands, very compact, price 9d. each, post free 1s.—F. W. Harding, 3, Hewell Road, Redditch.

EDUCATIONAL.

Shorthand (Pitman's) Taught in Twelve Easy Lessons; inclusive fee 3s., first lesson 4d. stamps. —Box 1294, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Copperplate handwriting was thought to be a gift belonging to few. They got the best positions. Now is *your* chance to learn by new simple method. Complete lessons, postal order 1s. 2d.—Box 1289, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Shorthand.—See Sloan-Duployan advt., page 19.

"Parliamentary Gazetteer," 11 vols., 40 maps; cost 66s.; 160 "Shorthand Weeklies"; what offers?—Cole, 608, Gladstone Street, Peterborough.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Young man, 23, has been in business (newsagent's), seeks situation. Abstainer, business-like.—W., 166, Wood Street, Walthamstow.

London gentleman for clerical duties and enquiries, good appearance and address.—All particulars, Box 1312, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MEDICAL.

Eczema, piles, old sores, wounds, &c., cured quickly. Recipe 1s.—Box 1308, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"WHY NOT" send for a bottle of Dr. Carter's Embrocation? The athlete's friend.—See Model Home Specialities advertisement, page 16.

JEWELLERY.

Handsome Gent's real lever simulation gold watch, keyless; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 3s. 6d. post free.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Safety razors, with stropper; 1s. 1d., post free; shaving one round of pleasure.—Muir's, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

"Money-making Secrets" (400), 1s. 2d.; 500 veterinary recipes, 1s. 2d.; both books 1s. 7d., for advertisement.—Philip Hughes, Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Great sale of safety razors; sacrifice 1s. 3d. each, presents free; worth 5s. 6d.; no approval, too cheap. —Bert Page, 72, Ash Street, Wolverhampton.

Remington typewriter, splendid condition, less than half price new.—Box 1298, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, memory training system, not complicated. —State lowest terms for prompt cash, Box 1313, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Optical lantern, brass front, 4in. condenser, with three-burner lamp and sliding rack, 15s., worth double; also ¼-plate hand camera for holding 12 plates, in sound condition, 8s.—Box 1305, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Invisible ink insures strict privacy; cheap, effective. Send P.O. 6d. for large bottle.—F. G. Gore, 268, Brixton Road, S.W.

What offers? Nearly new Yost Typewriter, in perfect working order.—Box 1297, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, billiard-diner; part exchange high-class Stevens's bagatelle board, splendid condition, 9 choice quality ivory balls, perfect.—Box 1326, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Bagatelle slate bed, table, nearly new, 9ft., suit village club, 4 cues, 9 large balls, marking board, good cushions; cost £16 10s., leaving town, accept £7 15s.—Box 1327, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fishing tackle to be sold at a great sacrifice: Rods, lines, nets, leads, large quantity of assorted hooks, winches, sea tackle, and trout and salmon flies, singly or in one lot; must be cleared.—Box 1328, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

10S. 6D.—Gent's 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; ten years' warranty. Also Double Curb Albert, Seal attached, same quality. Three together, great sacrifice, 10s. 6d., worth £2 2s. Approval willingly before payment.

19S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Dark Brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality. Tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn. Breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 32½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Worth £3 3s. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

29S. 6D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

21S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval before payment.

29S. 6D. Service A 1 quality Spoons and Forks. —Five dozen solid silver-plated, stamped E.P.N.S., A 1, 12 each Table, Dessert Spoons and Forks and Teas, 60 pieces. Sacrifice, 29s. 6d.; list price £10 10s.; half quantity, 15s. Approval willingly before payment.

12S. 6D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Sent for inspection quite privately before payment.

9S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

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LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER Restores Grey Hair to its Natural Colour.

LARGE BOTTLES, **1/6** EVERYWHERE.

Why Lose your Employment? Lockyer's will Maintain your Youthful Appearance.

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Every bottle of **PEPPER'S TONIC** brings hope to the despairing. If you are run down, out of sorts, or "below par," why not try **PEPPER'S TONIC?**

IT NEVER FAILS IN ALL CASES OF

Influenza, Neuralgia, Prostration, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.

LARGE BOTTLES, **1/-** and **2/-**

A Generous Sample Bottle Sent Gratis on receipt of 2d. in Stamps. MENTION "MODERN MAN."

Sold Everywhere, or Post Free from J. PEPPER & CO., Ltd., Bedford Laboratory, London, S.E.

There is but one Remedy for

TOOTH-ACHE & NEURALGIA

Bunter's Nervine,

1/1½ of Chemists and Stores.

Depot: Bedford Laboratory, London, S.E.

ECZEMA and all SKIN AILMENTS are completely cured by SULPHOLINE LOTION,

which directly attacks all forms of Eczema, Eruptions, Pimples, Acne, Spots, Blackheads, or Disfiguring Rashes, leaving the skin in the soft, clear, supple, attractive condition designed by Nature.

Bottles 1/- and 2/9 everywhere,

or post free on receipt of amount,

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